Vol. CXL.] No. 1818.]

Fit "TripleX" -and be safe MORRIS do

[THE BYSTANDER October 5, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

Dinner, Dance & Cabaret : A Going-Out Guide

Stage : Films : Sport : Golf : Story

1/-

SPINK Est. 1772
cash buyers of . . .
FINE JEWELS · DIAMONDS
ANTIQUE & MODERN SILVER
5, 6 & 7 KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1.
TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 5275

An Atmosphere of Gay Luxurious Charm
ROYAL BATH HOTEL
Bournemouth
In delightful grounds overlooking the Bay; convenient for Golf, Tennis and Riding; Dancing and Cabaret in magnificent Ballroom; Cuisine and Service unrivalled.
Illustrated Brochure and Terms on request.
'Phone: Bournemouth 5555.

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to The Late KING GEORGE V

more than a name . . .
Highland Queen
MACDONALD & MUIR LTD. DISTILLERS LEITH · GLASGOW · LONDON

The Liqueur of Liqueurs
Chartreuse
GREEN OR YELLOW

By Appointment to H.M. King George V.
Charles Heidsieck
Champagne · Reims
1928 VINTAGE
FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.
MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE ONE SHILLING : By Inland Post 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON : 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. PARIS : 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris viii. Regd. at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 5—October 11

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BEHIND THE BLINDS.—A new comedy with Barrie Livesey: Winter Garden, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Less plot and a bigger family from Dodie Smith this time; a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud, does justice to her shrewd portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals between workers in a fortress; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HENRY V.—Ivor Novello as Henry is the best of an indifferent cast in a grandiose production: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Lee Tracy, Tamara Geva, with excellent support; Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE LAST TRUMP.—An end of the world theme by James Bridie provides good lines and good portraits for Seymour Hicks as a hard financier, Hazel Terry as a hard girl, Cecil Trouncer as (usual) a doctor: Duke of York's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

ON BORROWED TIME.—Ian Hay has adapted from Paul Osborn's play from L. E. Watson's novel; a whimsical allegory: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 29th.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SHALL I GO TO PRAGUE?—A "topical cartoon" by A. G. Macdonell: Playhouse, 8.30.

SHE TOO WAS YOUNG.—Impeccable period (1870) atmosphere and sympathetic parts for Esmé Percy, Marie Ney, Edmund Gwenn, Dorothy Hyson, Ann Todd in a quiet emotional story: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30 Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS.—Sophie Stewart, O. B. Clarence, André Morell, and Anthony Quayle in a competent production of Pinero's play: Old Vic, 8 (not Mons.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—Robert Speaight as Ulysses and Robert Harris as Troilus, in a modern dress production: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—"Priestley in light-hearted vein," with Frank Petingell and Helena Pickard: St. Martin's, 8.30.

With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The first of Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon's musical period pieces, set in Italy stars Frederick Ranalow and Eirene Eisinger: Kingsway, 8.15.

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

"Now for Fun"

Flora Duane is the American dancer whose bat dance (seen here) created some excitement; she repeats it in the new Grosvenor House show which started a week ago

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 109.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety. 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—This second-hand title covers the Crazy Gang's new frolic: Palladium, 6.15 and 9.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2.0—11.30 non-stop).

First Night

THE WHITE GUARD.—Adapted by Rodney Ackland from a Russian play of the revolution, it has a large cast headed by Peggy Ashcroft, Michael Redgrave, Marius Goring: Phœnix, Thurs., 6th.

CINEMAS

ABUS DE CONFIANCE (French).—Henri Decoin directed his wife, Danielle Darrieux, and Charles Vanel in this: Studio One.

ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO (American).—Gary Cooper as a Marco who penetrates Asia to flirt with Sigrid Gurie: Marble Arch Pavilion.

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND (American).—This picture tells how a young violinist rises to fame in swing music; thirty songs by Irving Berlin incorporated: Regal.

ALGIERS (American).—Hollywood's version of *Pépé le Moko* is lavishly done, with Charles Boyer as Pépé, Sigrid Gurie as his native sweetheart, Hedy Lamarr as the Parisienne: Odeon.

BOYS' TOWN (American).—Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney lead in a story of a boys' self-governing colony: Empire.

CRIME SCHOOL (American).—Humphrey Bogart and the Dead End kids in another story of juvenile criminals: Gaumont.

MADEMOISELLE MA MÈRE (French).—Not up to the standard we expect from France or La Darrieux; a crazy marriage comedy: Berkeley.

PRISON SANS BARREAUX (French).—Corinne Luchaire heads the reformatory girls in a Venice prize-winning film, whose English version is at the London Pavilion: Academy.

PRISON WITHOUT BARS (British).—Edna Best, Barry Barnes and Corinne Luchaire, with three or four English starlets, in a reformatory setting: London Pavilion.

THE RAGE OF PARIS (American).—Douglas Fairbanks Junior opposite Danielle Darrieux in her first Hollywood film; how a French girl makes good in New York: Leicester Square.

ROYAL DIVORCE (American).—Ruth Chatterton and Pierre Blanchar in the film of the Napoleon and Josephine play: Carlton.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Walt Disney's full-length cartoon from the Grimm tale is gripping: New Gallery.

SPAWN OF THE NORTH (American).—Another exciting slice of American history, salmon pirates in the Alaskan icebergs this time, with George Raft, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour: Plaza.

THE STRANGE MONSIEUR VICTOR (French).—Raimu in a sinister Jekyll and Hyde role, with Pierre Blanchar: Academy.

ALF'S BUTTON AFLOAT (British).—the Crazy Gang in this: Tivoli.

OPERA and BALLET

THE VIC-WELLS COMPANIES at Golders Green Hippodrome:

RIGOLETTO.—To-night, 5th, 8.15.

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Thurs., 6th, 2.30.

GODS GO A-BEGGING, LAC DES CYGNES ACT II., PATINEURS, CHECKMATE.—Thurs., 6th, 8.15.

AIDA.—Fri., 7th, 8.

RENDEZVOUS, APPARITIONS, LAC DES CYGNES Act III., —Sat., 8th, 2.30.

LA BOHEME.—Sat., 8th, 8.15.

DON GIOVANNI.—Mon., 10th, 8.

RENDEZVOUS, RAKE'S PROGRESS, JUDGMENT OF PARIS, FAÇADE.—Tues., 11th, 8.15.

MUSIC

THE ELIJAH.—The Kingsway Hall Choral Society, with four soloists, gives Mendelssohn's Oratorio under Allan Brown's baton: Kingsway Hall, Sat., 8th, 7.30.

'PHONE REGent 6000
for your Theatre Seats
KEITH PROWSE
& Co., Ltd
159 New Bond St., W.1 & Branches everywhere
YOU want Best Seats WE have them

and WE have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

The Bystander

President Roosevelt: Last Week's Unknown Quantity

In the political equation of last week the most noticeable *x* quantity was America. President Roosevelt's peace-urging message was an apparent indication that the United States had remembered that Czechoslovakia was spiritually founded in Pittsburgh, Pa.; others attributed the message to the notably liberal and non-isolationist penchant of the President and his Secretary of State (for Foreign Affairs), Cordell Hull, who has not infrequently been tipped as his chief's successor. Whatever the sympathies and intentions of the 130 million people whom Roosevelt claimed to speak for, it is certain that their first thoughts last week were not their primary elections, nor their new tennis champions, nor even their own bumptious Fascist party, but "jittery" Europe. American broadcasting systems, by one of whose microphones Roosevelt here sits, continually radiated pick-ups from Europe and the short waves were crammed with propaganda in English. No one doubted that much rests on the man whose office makes him the most powerful in the world

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 90

Irving Berlin

ISRAEL BALINE was born at Teumen, in Siberia, the son of the local rabbi for political prisoners. His first memory is being carried out of a house which was on fire. His next is a lot of bunks. This dates back to the steerage crossing, when he was four years old, to New York, where his family settled on the lower East side. Baline senior was a cantor, young Izzy was a treble in the same synagogue. Each All Halloween night the tough Irish threw him and other little Jewish boys into the river, though it was understood that they usually pulled them out when they were going down for the third time. That 's how he learnt to swim. When his father died he sold newspapers on the corner of Chamber Street and West Broadway. Two years later he went on the bum (left home) to the Bowery to busk in that arcade strewn with sailors and what-have-yous. His regular circuit was No. 23 Bowery (a low dump for street women); Callaghan's, which was a few yards up-town, where he had to wait his turn for the other buskers ahead of him; Steve Brody's, the tavern of the man who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge; then across the road to the "White House." Each time he had to split his "nobbings" with the pianist. But on a good night he might make two dollars. Came a brief interlude. At the age of sixteen he went with the No. 2 company of Rice's Show Girls. It was then that he changed his name to Berlin, though he did not yet dare call himself Irving on his return to the Bowery. When he did so he graduated to being a singing waiter at Pelham's Café, better known as Nigger Mike's. As a singing waiter he did not have to pass his hat. The idea was to coax customers into throwing money on to the floor, with a stooge to start the others off. He sang "Bedelia," "In the Good Old Summer-time," "My Girl Sal," and a lot of English songs because they were so suggestive. Here came the first germ of his future career. He started parodying the popular songs of the day, localising them to his audience, giving the cash customers that little something extra that the other singing waiters hadn't got. Once a week, having done his turn as waiter from 8 p.m. until 5 a.m., he took over from the bar-tender until 4 p.m. next day. One afternoon, having had no sleep, he fell asleep by the till and promptly lost his job. But he got another on 14th Street and wrote his first published song, "Marie from Sunny Italy." He made thirty-three cents out of it. This was followed by "Dorando," a comic number based on the marathon runner. He sold this outright for twenty-five dollars, but got a royalty on the next, which was "Sadie Salome Go Home." So successful was this that Waterson's, his publishers, gave him twenty-five dollars a week as a retainer. Since then he has written 698 songs. He was only twenty-one. Two years later he wrote "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and became a partner in the firm. The rest you know. Four years later he wrote ballads like "When I Lost You," and his first musical comedy, *Watch Your Step*. Six years later he joined the Army, became a sergeant, and wrote "How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," and other Army numbers. The war over, he became Irving Berlin Incorporated, and started to buy back the copyright of all his songs. A spell with the Ziegfeld Follies followed; then the building of the Music Box Theatre, and all those revues; then more ballads like "What 'll I Do?"; then marriage to Ellin Mackay, the millionaire's daughter; then "As Thousands Cheer" and "Face the Music"; and finally the films, like *Top Hat, Follow the Fleet, On the Avenue, Alexander's Ragtime Band*, and his latest, *Carefree*. Paul Holt described him neatly the other day as looking like a wistful sparrowhawk. Irving Berlin is five foot six inches, weighs 133 pounds, and has no vanity about his age or looks except for the combing of his black hair. He lives in a pent-house on 86th Street looking out over the same East River from which they used to pick him out in the old days; is a very hot backgammon player, and sleeps abominably.

Charles Graves

"Ole Bill" Again!

Specially drawn for the BYSTANDER *by Bruce Bairnsfather*

"Yes, Bert, all right for a crisis, but it would 'ave to be let out a bit for a war"

"Ole Bill" and the "Bystander" are synonymous. During the Great War, Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's "Fragments from France" in this paper brought laughter to a grim world. To-day, twenty years after, "Ole Bill," like Peter Pan, has grown no older: he never will, for he is as much a traditional English figure as Falstaff. If the British Legion should go to Czechoslovakia to see fair play, be sure "Ole Bill" will go too. Stoic, wit, optimist and old campaigner—what a grand "poliçeman" this great Immortal would be!

***Concentrated encouragement** from sixteen Ministers formed a surprise send-off for Mr. Chamberlain when he left Heston for the Four-Power conference which has been called "the amputation without the patient." Lord Halifax, who was the only Cabinet Minister present at the Premier's previous departures and returns, here is convulsed with good wishes; right, is Sir Kingsley Wood; behind him is South African Mr. Te Water, one of four High Commissioners present (the others were for Canada, Australia, and Eire)*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

I AM writing this only a few minutes after the arrival of the communiqué from the Munich conference, and without the map which shows the various zones and areas. The map is such a vital part of the whole agreement that it is impossible to make any sort of comment upon a number of the details of the agreement.

IT is only right to put on record, however, that at first sight the terms of the agreement contain several definite causes for misgiving. Naturally, every sane person is delighted that war is being averted. This morning there is an intense feeling of relief all over the country. But I cannot help feeling that there are several "buts." It is not very easy to see, for example, what substantial concessions Herr Hitler has made. He has certainly stepped down a little from his outrageous Godesberg demands. But, on the other hand, the claims of Poland and Hungary are now included.

THE time-limit for the complete evacuation of the Sudetenland has been postponed. That is a concession, certainly, but as it is a postponement of only nine days, it is not a very big concession. And nothing is said about the notorious Godesberg appendix. Article 2 of the Agreement lays it down that "existing installations" shall not be destroyed by the Czechoslovaks. Does this apply to the fortifications? Must the Czech Army abandon its artillery and ammunition? And what about the cattle which were demanded in the Godesberg appendix? There is no mention of any of this.

BY Article 8 of the Agreement, the Czech Government is to release all Sudeten Germans who are serving terms of imprisonment for political offences. There is not a word about the German Government releasing the Czechs who were seized as hostages or kidnapped across the border, and are now in prison for no offence at all.

THERE is to be a guarantee of the new frontier by Britain and France, but not a guarantee by Germany and Italy until "the questions of the Polish and Hungarian minorities in Czechoslovakia have been settled." And, finally, there is no mention of German demobilisation. These are some of the points which occur to me at a first reading of the document, and I can only repeat that they fill me with uneasiness.

UNQUESTIONABLY a big part in getting the four statesmen to meet at Munich was played by the two noble appeals from President Roosevelt. Whatever the President's position at home may be, it is certain that his international reputation has been greatly increased. His words might easily have been spoken by Abraham Lincoln, and there could not be higher praise than that.

IF any good thing has come out of the crisis, it is that this country has had a splendid opportunity of carrying

English *Sir Horace Wilson was in the news when he flew to Germany with the Premier's letter to Hitler. Here in Downing Street, to report*

Czech *Minister in London, Dr. Jan Masaryk, was in and out of the news all the week. Here in Downing Street on his way to meet the Premier and Lord Halifax early last week*

French *General Gamelin was in the news when he flew to London to join his political chiefs in their talks with ours. Imperturbable, with reddish hair and grey eyes, he speaks no English*

Italian *Signor Grandi was not in the news last week until his Duce instigated the Munich foursome. Here at Heston, bon-voyaging Chamberlain*

out a sort of test mobilisation of the civilian population. Everyone has learnt a lot from the last few days. One moral must be pointed out. The Home Office concentrated the limelight upon its anti-gas preparations, and exerted every effort to cover up in this way its almost complete neglect of anti-explosive preparations. Let us hope this scandalous state of affairs will soon be remedied. High-explosive bombs are incomparably more dangerous than gas-bombs.

THE Zoo has made complete arrangements in case of air-raids. In the event of danger all dangerous snakes are to have their heads cut off instantly, and the deadly spiders will be plunged into boiling water. Certain picked men will be armed with rifles in case any of the fighting animals escape, and special bullets are in readiness for the almost armour-plated rhinoceros. The riding-elephants—the most valuable animals in the Zoo—are to walk to Whipsnade. The journey will take them four days, and farms with especially high barns have already been scheduled for their accommodation en route. On my way back from the Zoo, I ran into my friend Edward Shanks, the poet and novelist, and told him about the elephants' march. He said, very gravely, "Aeroplanes go so quickly nowadays, that I 'm afraid they may catch them up."

AS last week went on, the crowds at the railway stations became greater and greater, especially at Paddington and the stations for the North. Trains to Cornwall, Wales, and Scotland especially were heavily loaded. I saw literally dozens of children holding a gas-mask in one hand and a doll or a Teddy-bear in the other. It was not a very pretty reflection upon modern civilisation.

ONE day during the week I went to several museums to see what was being done about saving the nation's art treasures. At the Tate Gallery I found that 55 out of the gallery's 3000 pictures had been put on a first list of "urgent" cases. They included Sargent's "Lord Ribblesdale," Constable's "Happy Valley," and Whistler's famous "Miss Alexander." It is not the first time that "Miss Alexander" has had to seek refuge from bombs. During the last war the house on Campden Hill to which she belonged was turned into an officers' hospital, and I well remember the space on the wall in one of the rooms where she used to hang.

THE National Gallery had selected seven masterpieces as being of outstanding importance: Raphael's Ansidei Madonna; the Baptism and the Nativity of Piero da Francesca; Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne; the Arnolfinis of Van Eyck; the Wilton Diptych; and Giovanni Bettini's Doge Loredano. At the British Museum there was complete quietness. So far as I could make out nothing had been removed. At least I saw Magna Carta, the Codex Sinaiticus, and the greatest treasure of them all—the Lindisfarne Gospels. At the Victoria and Albert there was great activity and those marble halls echoed with the sound of workmen hammering. It was painfully reminiscent of the last scene in "The Cherry Orchard" when the sound of the axe is the signal that brute force is triumphing over beauty.

THE London parks are an astonishing sight, with their miles of trenches and their armies of workmen and their anti-aircraft guns pointing grimly up at the sky. I haven't yet heard what was done, if anything, with the sacred turf at Lord's and the Oval. Surely a crisis would have to be very acute indeed before England tampered with her test-match pitches.

THE 15th International Brigade has been withdrawn by the Spanish Government from the Ebro front, and sent to the back areas. This Brigade contains most of the British and American volunteers. It is generally thought that this is the first step towards the repatriation of all foreigners serving with the Government which Senor Negrin announced the other day at Geneva. If only it is followed by the withdrawal of the foreigners fighting on the other side, a long step forward will have been taken in the direction of a settlement by mediation of the Spanish tragedy.

MAJOR-GENERAL DAWNAY, who has just died suddenly, in his sleep, was a professional soldier of great intellectual distinction. T. E. Lawrence of Arabia, a close personal friend of Dawnay's, wrote in *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*: "Dawnay was Allenby's greatest gift to us—greater than thousands of baggage camels. As a professional soldier he had the class-touch; so that even the reddest hearer recognised an authentic redness. His was an understanding mind, feeling instinctively the special qualities of rebellion; at the same time his war training enriched his treatment of this antithetic subject." It is not always easy to understand what Lawrence means in some of his sentences, but the general sense of that tribute is pretty clear.

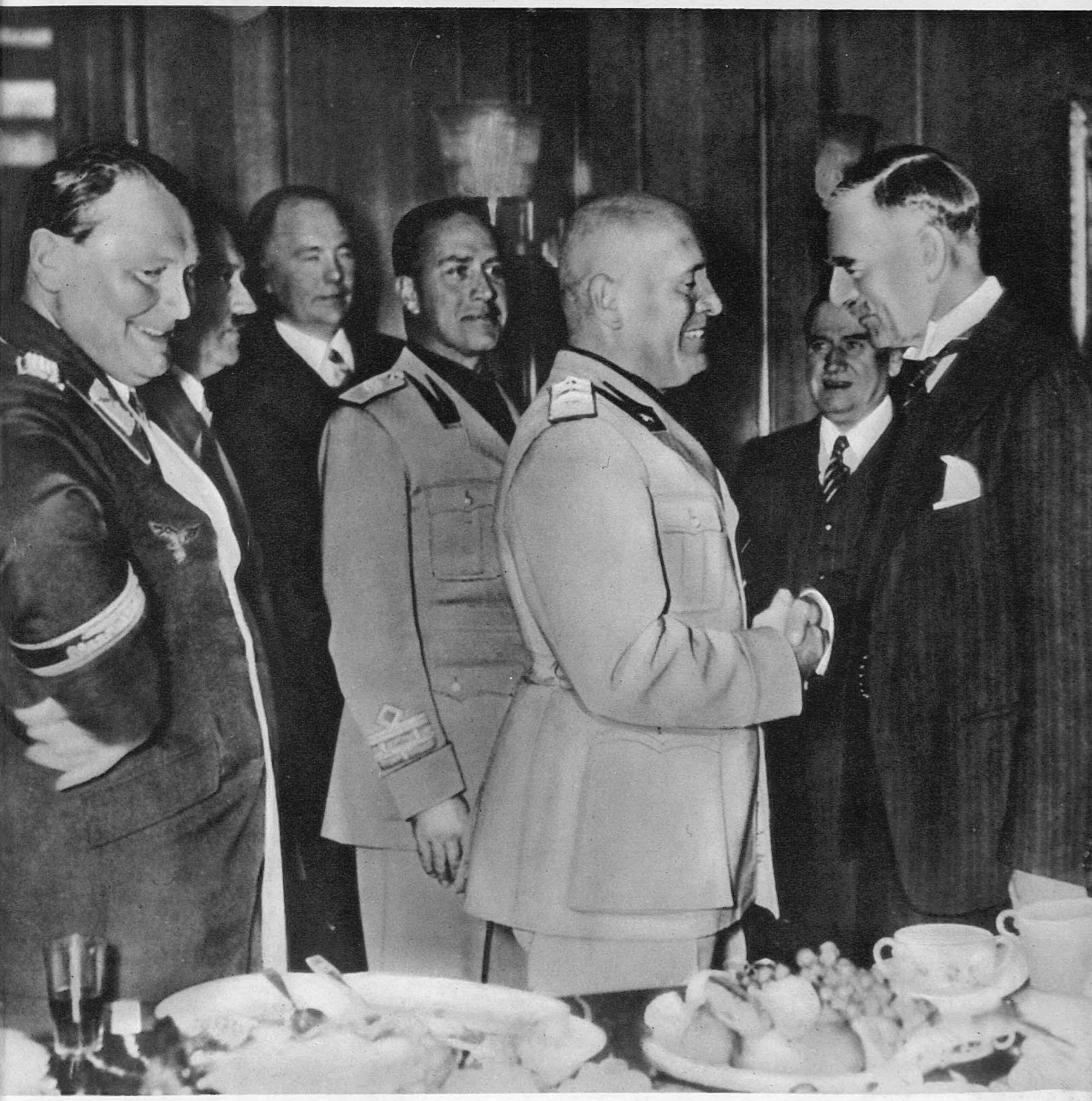
OUTSIDE a gas-mask depot in Westminster I heard a jovial and elderly postman shouting the last word in a conversation with some of his colleagues: "Lor' love you, I'm too old. All I'm fit for is to join the Chinese army and boil rice."

Chamberlain *arrived at the Munich aerodrome at 11.50 on the conference day. His official welcome was by Ribbentrop (right) and, among others, General Ritter von Epp, Military Governor of Bavaria (four rows of medals, left). His unofficial welcome was spontaneous, rapturous, "from the hearts of the peace-loving Bavarians"*

Daladier *arrived at the aerodrome twenty minutes before Chamberlain, looking tired. His unofficial welcome was no more than cordial. Note attitude of bandmaster at right, whose men are outside their repertoire with "La Marseillaise"*

Mussolini *reached the Bahnhof at 10.50, after ninety minutes' talk with Hitler in the train from Kufstein. His welcome was well organised and bristling with bayonets*

History Making at Munich: the Four-Power Conference for Peace



Signor Mussolini and Mr. Chamberlain Shook Hands With the Greatest Cordiality

The first photograph of the two democratic Premiers and the two autocratic Dictators indicates the warm hopefulness with which the Munich talks began. In the main hall of the Fuehrerhaus Mr. Chamberlain and Signor Mussolini greeted each other with smiles and a firm handclasp, eagerly watched by M. Daladier and Herr Hitler. At the back on the left was Dr. Paul Schmidt, the ubiquitous chief interpreter, in front of him was Count Ciano, closely attending on his father-in-law. Field-Marshal Goering looked with approval on the German delicacies set out on a long snack buffet, which were served by S.S. guards dressed as waiters. For the next twelve hours, with only brief adjournments, discussions of the Czechoslovakian problem continued. At 12.30 a.m. on Friday, September 30th, an agreement was signed which was officially described as "a peaceful solution." For Mr. Chamberlain one of the most heartening manifestations must have been the welcome he received by the Bavarian public — cheers and waving by the pressing crowds, banks of non-official flowers in his suite at the Regina Palast Hotel. Meanwhile Dr. Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, had continued his strange version of the process of enlightenment. None of the evening newspapers in Germany was permitted to refer to the progress of the Conference, nor did the 8 o'clock wireless bulletin mention this historic meeting

Suspense

Digging squads, *amateur and professional, worked busily. Guy's Hospital students wore plaster round knuckles and wrists against blisters and strains. A buxom nurse wielded her pick with unorthodox enthusiasm; the expert in background smiled benevolently*

Walls *of sand-bags protect the fire station in Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1*

Walls *of A.R.P. handbooks have been sorted and delivered by the G.P.O. throughout the country*

Inspection *of the first gas-proof kennel was made by Vera Lady Terrington, chairman of P.D.S.A. women's A.R.P. service, and Commandant Allen, head of the Women's Auxiliary Service. The kennel, invented by the technical superintendent of the P.D.S.A., will protect its inmate from any gas for twenty hours*

The Home Front

A few pictures to remind us of those anxious days when the shadow of war gave strange new angles to our daily lives

Voluntary evacuation *gave London termini a Bank Holiday look — until you saw travellers' grim expressions. Extra trains ran, queues of women and children waited for transport to the safe countryside*

Americans *drove to Waterloo in a four-deep procession of taxis. Boat trains were packed, some of the Queen Mary's 2000 passengers slept in gymnasium, lecture-room and studio dormitories*

Recruits *torials, for if mobili- where this*

Fitting gas-masks *was the first preoccupation of every London family last week. Mrs. E. R. Watkins took her family of ten to Devonshire Hill School in Tottenham. Her eleven-months twins gazed at the rubber pig-faces with solemn dislike. During the Munich talks, local authorities continued to distribute gas-masks, urged by the Home Secretary, who said "it would be unwise to relax the spirit of activity shown during the past weeks"*

poured into depots and offices—for the Regular Army, for the Territorial and special constables. Many registered as being willing to return for enlistment when the mobilisation was ordered. The chief recruiting office was Great Scotland Yard, where a batch of flannel-trousered young men had just joined up

Anti-Aircraft Territorials *reporting at their headquarters were heartened to know that 20,000 more men had applied to join them. All units administered by the City of London were up to or over strength by last Thursday*

Antony Roger

Philippa Fitzalan-Howard Wants a Stage Career

This dark-haired, dark-eyed young lady comes of a stock, and bears a name, that have been notable in England since Sir John Howard, an eminent Yorkist, was made Duke of Norfolk in 1483. The dukedom since then has scattered smaller titles about it like a meteor: there are seven peerages now existent that trace back to the first Norfolk. Philippa Howard's branch broke away when a son of the thirteenth Norfolk was made Baron Howard of Glossop in 1869. Her father was his grandson, the Hon. Philip Fitzalan-Howard, brother of the present Lord Howard of Glossop; he died of wounds in 1918. Her mother married Major P. G. Rivière in 1931. Philippa Fitzalan-Howard came out in 1936: she has decided to make the stage her career. To this end she has completed a year's training with Michel Saint-Denis (whose new season with Bronson Albery opened with *The White Guard* last Thursday) and has already appeared in a televised play. She is twenty

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Corn is Green" (Duchess)

A DISTINGUISHING mark of the autumn theatrical season of 1938 has been, unquestionably, the triumph of the Welsh playwright. True, the most famous Welsh playwright of our time, Mr. Ivor Novello, now appearing as Harry of Wales at Drury Lane, has given us nothing new, though his last offering is still running. But Mr. Charles Morgan has made one of the hits of the moment with his first play, *The Flashing Stream*, at the Lyric. Mrs. Charles Morgan, who writes under the name of Hilda Vaughan, has scored a success at Wyndham's with *She Too Was Young*, the scene of which is laid in her native country in the Victorian 'seventies. And now Mr. Emlyn Williams, presenting an aspect of Wales twenty years later, has won high and well-deserved praise with *The Corn is Green*, at the Duchess; where Miss Sybil Thorndike may be seen entering with a bicycle and a firm foot as a pioneer of education, bent on teaching the illiterate to read and write, and destined to be rewarded with the discovery of a pit-side genius before the night is out.

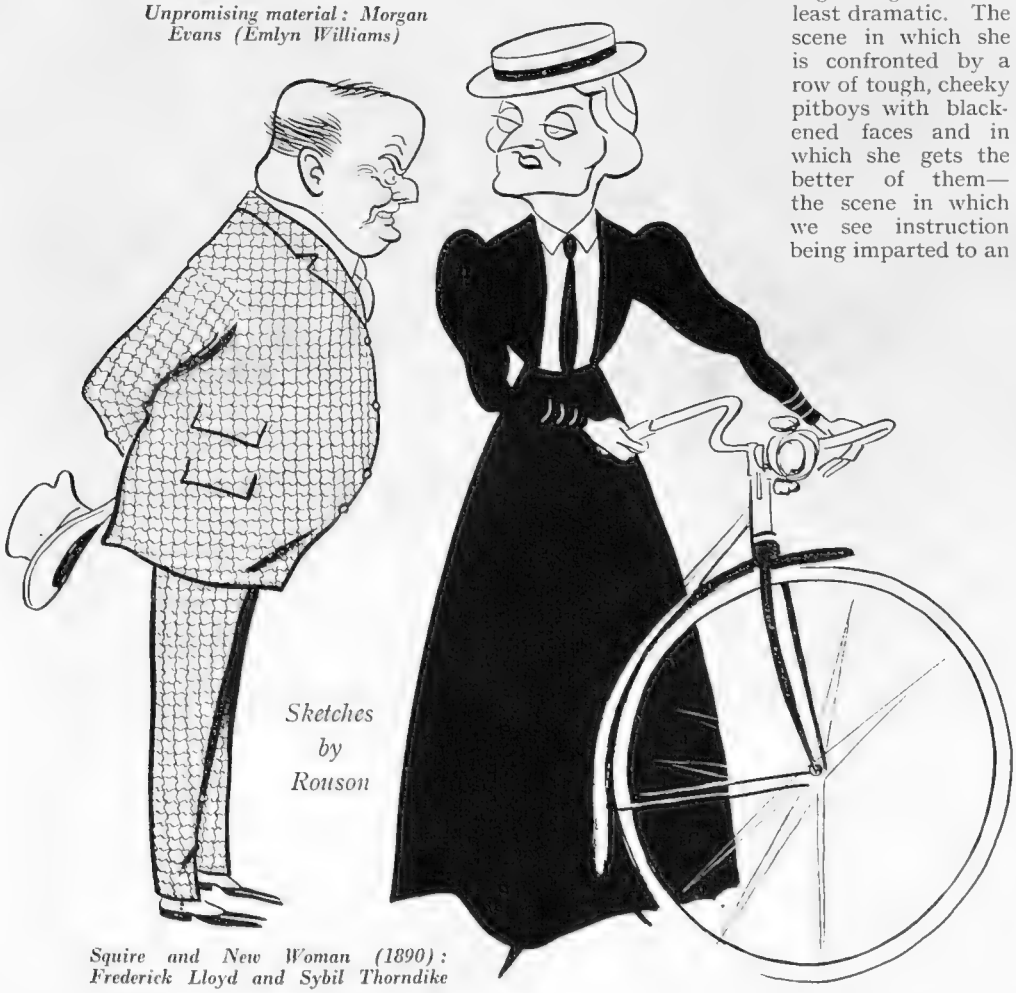
Unpromising material: Morgan Evans (Emlyn Williams)

MISS MOFFAT (alias Miss Thorndike) is a brave spirit who, having a small income, altruistically devotes it to the spread of light and learning. Her story is a story of self-sacrifice and is most engrossing when it is least dramatic. The scene in which she is confronted by a row of tough, cheeky pitboys with blackened faces and in which she gets the better of them—the scene in which we see instruction being imparted to an odd and eager assembly of old and young and in which there is some stirring choral singing—the scenes in which she discovers the genius, crams him with knowledge, blinds herself to the natural temptations of adolescence, and waits impatiently for the result of the university exhibition for which he has entered—these hold one completely with their freshness and simplicity. Mr. Williams knows his ground and feels it as sensitively as if he had never set foot in Shaftesbury Avenue.

Salvation Army sergeant-major with love-child of lurid past: Kathleen Harrison and Betty Jardine

IT is only towards the end that this play becomes a little too like the sort of play it should not be. The small and less obviously heroic sacrifices of Miss Moffat are so telling and strike so true that we question the necessity as much as we regret the intrusion of a Really Big Sacrifice in the last act. When the genius wins the exhibition, it is almost simultaneously discovered that he has become the father of an illegitimate baby. Only if Miss Moffat undertakes the upbringing of this baby will a university career, leading possibly to a Premiership, be possible for the genius—and Miss Moffat is a most undomesticated lady, with no heart for cradles and an inability to talk to a man for more than five minutes without wanting to box his ears. However, with some parade of nobility where we should prefer plain matter of course, she undertakes the burden; and as the baby looks the very spit of his father, perhaps he will be a genius too.

ONE of the better plays. Beautifully acted by Miss Thorndike, Mr. Williams, Miss Jardine, Mr. Glyn-Jones and Miss Silver. And worthy of the excellent traditions of the Duchess.



Sketches by Rouson

Squire and New Woman (1890): Frederick Lloyd and Sybil Thorndike

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Got change for a string of pearls?"

Sick of violence, threats, frenzy, war-drums, tribal dances and the gathering omens of impending doom, we found brief solace the other day in a tiny, cosy news-item from the *Times* reporting that the Burgh of Callander, Perthshire, had just presented the Dionne Quintuplets at Callander, Ont., with a brooch apiece, which tasty gifts the Ontario Minister of Mines ceremonially handed over to their guardians. The brooches were not described. We took pleasure in trying to imagine their magnificence. Only platinum and diamonds exquisitely fashioned, we agreed, could suitably express the careless generosity of the burghers of Callander, for as every enlightened person knows, Scottish "closeness" is a baseless English superstition, like French politeness and Italian languour, Irish lightheartedness and German civilisation. In one of the loveliest Scots ballads the desolate heroine complains that if she'd known Love had been sae (so) ill to win she'd have locked her heart in a case of gowd (gold) and pinned it wi' (with) a siller (silver) pin; probably a presentation locket, though the poet doesn't think the point worth mentioning, the gift of a sympathetic Provost, Corporation, and burgesses, inscribed, maybe, "Mizpah," "For Auld Lang Syne," or "Here's tae ye." Lucky Dionne Quins! Flaunting such brooches henceforth—for there was no mention in the *Times*' report of their having been merely loaned—each will look like a tiny, curly Queen of Sheba. Will Shirley Temple burn!

That was an interesting bit about the Minister of Mines, too, and we pondered it deeply. Ontario has of course a Minister of Fine Arts, for a passionate love of beauty is as deep-rooted in all our Dominion cousins as in ourselves. We guessed the Minister of Fine Arts was away opening a new super-cinema or approving the designs for some gigantic new neon-lighted chewing-gum ad. In his absence the Minister of Mines, bringing to the ceremony a distant but pleasing reminder of Peru and Golconda and the rich secrets of their sullen mines, was the obvious choice, as you will fervently agree, unless you would rather receive a shrewd clump on the ear.

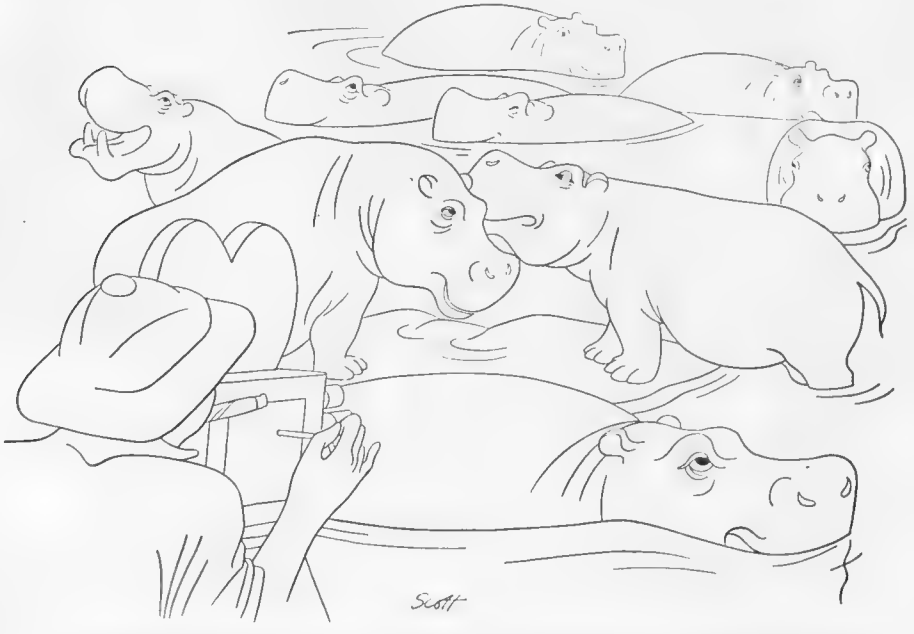
Fresh Woods

At any rate the present crisis has brought about two immediate public benefits, a thoughtful chap pointed out to us last week. It has brought Lord Castlerosse to the front as an authority on international affairs and it has turned our old tutor, idol and vade-mecum James ("Boss") Agate into a spare-time columnist. The Boss now writes practically two-thirds of the entire Press, or so it seems to us in our ague-ish awakenings between one nightmare and the next. His latest incarnation reveals him in a mellow old whimsy dressing-gown-and-slipper mood, and the performance—like his weekly performance in the *Sunday Times*, for which the Boss assumes full-dress toga with cothurnus—is pleasing; for whatever you may think of some of our masterful old tutor's views on this and that, he couldn't write a dull line (if we may coin a phrase) to save his life. And when you consider the inspissated dullness of all that journalism, including the Prig Weeklies and monthlies, which is not written by Boss Agate and—if he doesn't mind our saying so—about six more, this is something to be glad of. He mayn't go deep, but by heaven he sparkles.

You will naturally ask what we get from the Boss for writing this sort of fulsome note. We get, every time we meet him, a genial nod, often a kindly word. It may be merely the greeting menials get in that big hotel in Southend when the Boss sweeps grandly in at week-ends, amid the prostrations and kow-towings of "Reception" and "Enquiries" and the feverish congratulations of the management, but we prize it greatly. Once, long ago, he gave us a cigar. (We have it still.)

Relic

Pretty decent of the Gas Light and Coke Company, we think, to restore Nell Gwyn's country house in Fulham, which has a wide oak staircase up which Charles II. once rode his horse to win a bet off that charmer; also some beautiful panelling. The exterior, long since ruined, will ultimately be brought to its original state. But the birds which made the woods of seventeenth-century Fulham an Arcadia have flown away for ever, and even the Gas Light and Coke Company, as romantic a corporation as ever tuned lute or issued a final demand, cannot restore the quiet charm of this village, which has succumbed to Progress rather a lot. Not so its neighbour village Chelsea, which contains, with great new raw barracks of flats and a heap of grim Victorian ugliness as well, such vestiges of the gracious past as Saint Thomas More's mulberry tree in a scrap of his garden, those Stuart, panelled houses on the Embankment, Crosby Hall (imported from the City, but now naturalised) and the quaint costumes and customs of some of the peasantry; not to speak of such modern haunts of daintiness as Mulberry Walk, the Quality Street of Sam Goldwyn's dreams. The odd thing about Mulberry Walk is that Mr. Milne doesn't live in it, but in the street adjoining. It



"You never know—these crowd scenes might lead to something bigger"

is redolent nevertheless of well-bred faëry, and a chap we know who once lived in it found himself playing a roguey tiptoe hide-and-seek with the postman every morning, almost mechanically. He swore to us that every letter, bill, and circular he got smelt of lavender, but this is probably a lie ; apart from notices from the Gas Light and Coke Company above-mentioned.

Hampstead, the other principal country retreat of our ancestors, retains Holly Hill and Church Row and the Spaniards, and a few odd nooks and corners, but as few of the present inhabitants speak English it is necessary to take a guide, who can be obtained at a small fee from the British Consulate in the High Street.

Posey

DAINTILY printed on tinted paper in large clear type, a highly agreeable score or more of Clerihews " by various Hands," as the eighteenth century would say, has come to us from the Rampant Lions Press, Cambridge. Clerihews—if it needs explaining at this late hour—are the superb kind of verse invented by Edmund Clerihew Bentley, and a suitably diffident dedication to the Master prefaces Mr. John Carter's booklet, the work of such gifted amateurs as Compton Mackenzie, the late C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, Constant Lambert, Edmond Kapp, Bentley fils, and others. E.g. :

When Augustus John
Really does stick it on
His price is within about 4d.
Of Orpen's. (*Edmond Kapp*)

Mae West
Is one of the best :
I would rather not
Say the best what.
(*E. W. Fordham*)

" Anthony Adverse "
May not be bad verse,
But God knows
It 's bad prose.
(*Constant Lambert*)

D. H. Lawrence
Used to live in Florence,
If it had been Compton Mackenzie
He 'd have called it Firenze.
(*Compton Mackenzie*)

It 's a subtler art than is commonly believed.

Zoo

LATEST news of the Lake District is that Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., wants it to be made a national Park under the ægis of a State Commission. This would not (Mr. Birkett explains) mean something on the lines of the Yosemite, or even Whipsnade, but would mean simply preserving the Lake District " exactly as it is." Such a reactionary suggestion will hardly soothe the Building Trade, we dare aver ; nevertheless Mr. Birkett's scheme, if handled with imagination, might be not unpleasing to citizens who are not intoxicated with delight by the rapidity with which the Bijou Residence, Peacehaven Style, is covering England. Such a National Park should certainly include a dash of Whipsnade, though. Specimens of all the Wordsworthian flora and fauna should browse and fly and bloom and gambol there, such as skylarks, cows, Idiot Boys, daffodils, ruddy but weak old men with swollen ankles, the Lesser Celandine, argumentative village children, owls (live and stuffed), buttercups, interesting rural cases like feverish Mr. Harry Gill (" *evermore his teeth they chatter, Chatter, chatter, chatter still* ") and baffling Little Edward :

" Now, little Edward, say why so,
My little Edward, tell me why "—
" I cannot tell, I do not know."—
" Why, this is strange," said I.

—and, in brief, all the fun of the fair. The Curator of this attractive Zoo would naturally be Sir Hugh Walpole, and it would be an agreeable innovation to mount him on a horse closely resembling Wordsworth's own horse Blackberry, who was so often mistaken for the poet himself, and is said to have written many of the Sonnets.

We 'd also like a little actress dressed up as Wordsworth's Lucy to roam and peek shyly among the flowers, and possibly—as long as the Entente Cordiale lasts—another little actress dressed up as Wordsworth's Annette Vallon and nursing that baby which caused such indignation among Wordsworth fans when a French professor brought it to light, so to speak, a few years ago. Hurry, Friends of the Lake District. A lot of us need improving.

Asset

LORD OLIVIER, formerly Governor of Jamaica, took a crack the other day at some of the half-naked sweethearts and their boy friends who go cruising. Giving evidence before the West India Royal Commission, he said their gambols ashore were responsible for demoralising the population of Jamaica and making the natives even more troublesome. Night-clubs, increased begging among children, and extortionate prices are other things for which Lord Olivier blames the tourist-traffic, and he should know. Adding these to complaints from foreign quarters, the thoughtful observer can hardly help concluding that some of these gay butterflies are the modern White Man's Burden. (You should hear some long-suffering liner captains on the topic, also British residents of places like Madeira.) Some of their pranks aren't a bit good for the Old Flag—as if we didn't need every scrap of prestige still remaining to us abroad !—but there seems to be no way of making these sweethearts behave themselves. There was a way once (it began in the British nursery) but it 's now more or less obsolete, Modern Thought having decided that self-expression is essential and discipline of any kind a mediæval outrage. So—short of recruiting a far-flung volunteer corps of Vigilantes to kick offenders in the pants, reminding them that their goings-on are apt to make foreigners love us even less than they do at present—what ? **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

" Excuse me, Guv'nor—did my mate leave a bit of lead pipe behind ? "

Films of the Day

French Honesty Is the Best Policy

By George Campbell

At the risk of being regarded as a fanatical Francophile I must offer the opinion that once again the best films of the week are French. Snobbism, according to a contemporary, is at the root of this conviction. I prefer to think that French films appeal to me, and to an increasingly large section of the intelligent public, because they have the honesty that is the foundation of all art. They have the courage to show life as it is, and not as the cinematic confectioners would have it, which Hollywood and most of our own producers so lamentably lack.

Take *The Strange Monsieur Victor*. Here is what our fathers used to call a slice of life; and on the whole it isn't pretty. The principal character is a typical French petit bourgeois—devoted to his shop and his wife, and touchingly, comically agitated at her confinement. But his geniality, his love for wife and child, don't prevent his carrying on the business of receiver of stolen goods and killing the thief who threatens to inform on him. When an innocent cobbler is convicted of the crime and sentenced to ten years on Devil's Island, the murderer, now irritable and inclined to drink too much, is sufficiently conscience-stricken to make the man's wife an allowance and educate his son; which again rings true, seeing that most of us who sin seek some salve for corroding conscience in good works and bad alcohol. And when the convicted man escapes and comes back, the kindness with which the real murderer shelters, feeds and clothes him does not prevent the fugitive from making love to his wife. The son who turns out a petty crook blackmailing a small friend into parting with his toy yacht, the detective whose past friendship is forgotten as he tauntingly drags off the guilty man to prison, the cobbler's wife who hastens to divorce her husband and marry a thief—they are all capable of odious treachery and meanness; but they hold your attention, and at times your sympathy, because they are all real. You feel that there, but for the grace of God, go all of us.

The Strange Monsieur Victor was made by Jean Gremillon. I confess I never heard of him, but the skill with which he has created the atmosphere of Toulon, his ability to make a melodramatic story live, stamp him as a director of the highest promise. The street scenes, with their sailors and prowling ladies from the *quartier reservé*, and the drifting Arab with his carpets, are absolutely authentic, and on the acting side the direction is practically faultless. Raimu, one of the really great actors of the screen, adds one more triumph to a list that already includes *Ces Messieurs de la Santé*, *Gribouille*, and *Un Carnet de Bal*; Pierre Blanchar, chiefly known to us as an emotional actor, is laconically convincing as the cobbler treated so scurvily by fate; and Madeleine Renaud (of *La Maternelle*) and Viviane Romance are excellent as the two wives.

"Abus de Confiance" is notable for precisely the same reasons—a story which you can accept without drugging your intelligence, direction at once strong and subtle, and the brilliance of the acting, particularly that of Danielle Darrieux. The plot is simple enough. A penniless girl, hungry and pressed for her rent and disgusted with men, comes into possession of a diary. The diarist is a woman who died after being deserted by her lover. The girl is tempted to pass herself off as the lovers' dead daughter, and yields. Not, as you see, strikingly original: the thing could easily have been just enough cheap tear-wringer such as Hollywood turns out by the score every year. But it is told so skilfully, with such a flow of realistic incident and unforced pathos, that here again you accept art as life. By the time the girl law student has wrestled with the gross old landlord, and run away from the young man who takes her to a *maison de rendezvous*, you feel that in her place you might do exactly as she did; and when once a director has induced that mood he has got you. The performance of Mlle. Darrieux, too, is enchanting. Coming on top of *Mayerling* and *The Rage of Paris*, it stamps her as probably the most gifted young actress on the screen.

I wish I could be enthusiastic about *A Royal Divorce*, into which Mr. Wilcox has obviously put so much hard work and enthusiasm and money; but whatever merits the production has are nullified by an initial blunder—I mean the casting of Ruth Chatterton as Josephine. There are moments in *A Royal Divorce* when Miss Chatterton reminded one, by her quiet sincerity and pathos, that she is an artist. Alas, by this time it was too late. After five reels of arch gaiety, in rather the Mrs. Dodsworth manner, I found it quite impossible to believe that this was the Creole who held the conqueror of Europe in thrall: for me the picture collapsed. You may have other and different reactions, if only because of Pierre Blanchar's extremely interesting study of Bonaparte in his twenties, when his Christian name was unknown and his chief asset in the eyes of Josephine was a salary of £480 a year.

Napoleon, by Pierre Blanchar

Josephine, by Ruth Chatterton; Talleyrand, by Frank Cellier

"A Royal Divorce" shows that very fine French actor, Pierre Blanchar, in a British film; his performance makes an interesting comparison with that of his friend, Charles Boyer, in "Marie Walewska." Ruth Chatterton as Josephine has a part she has for years been ambitious to play. "A Royal Divorce" was produced by Herbert Wilcox, directed by Jack Raymond, went to the Carlton ten days ago and is reviewed on this page

A Drama for Raimu

"The Strange Monsieur Victor"

The murderer *gives his accomplice a rough handling: Raimu as Monsieur Victor, Andrex as Robert Serani*

Up to now Raimu has been a great screen comedian, in such films as *Gribouille*, *Le Roi s'Amuse* (the financier), *Un Carnet de Bal* (the mayor who married his cook). His new picture gives far wider scope for his superb dramatic gifts. He is a respectable, kindly bourgeois whose hidden life is that of a ruthless criminal, and though the bare story of murder, innocent man imprisoned, love of innocent man for murderer's wife, is material for a thriller, *The Strange Monsieur Victor* is far more than that. The scenario was worked out specially for Raimu; the acting and the direction (by Jean Gremillion) with its typically French attention to sincerity and psychological truth, have created a drama and not a melodrama. In Paris it ran for eighteen weeks, in London it opens the autumn season at the Curzon. Our film critic reviews it on the opposite page

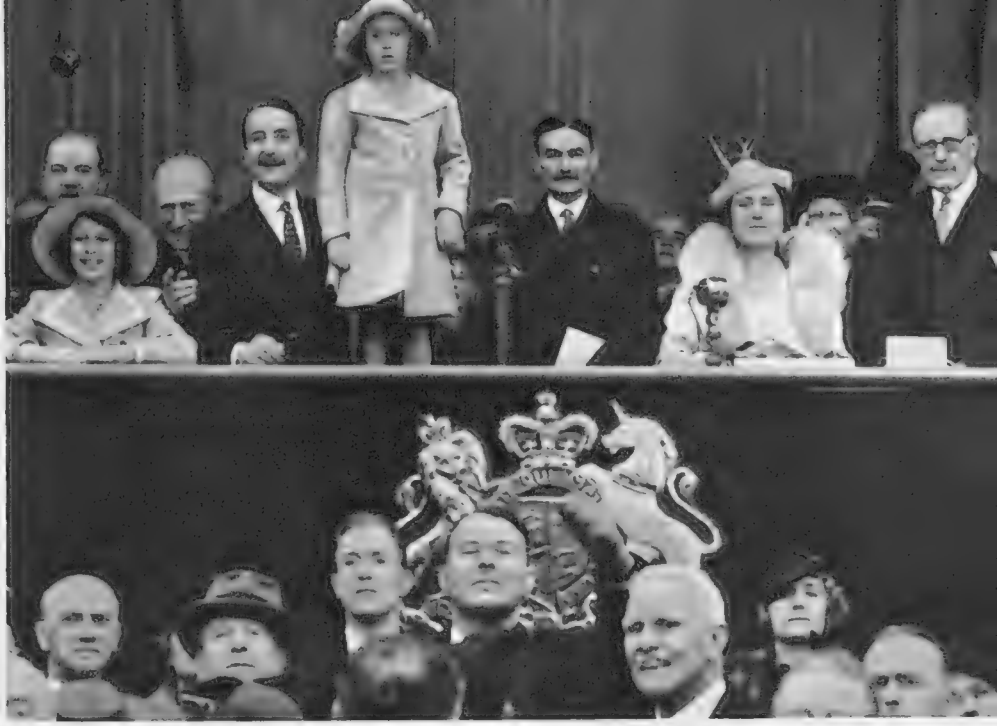
The respectable family man, *Monsieur Victor, who leads a double life, is a part specially created for Raimu*

The murderer's wife *is Madeleine Renaud. Bastien, the man who goes to prison for her husband's crime, is in love with her*

The murderer's scapegoat, *Bastien, is Pierre Blanchar (also in "A Royal Divorce," with Ruth Chatterton). His wife is Viviane Romance*

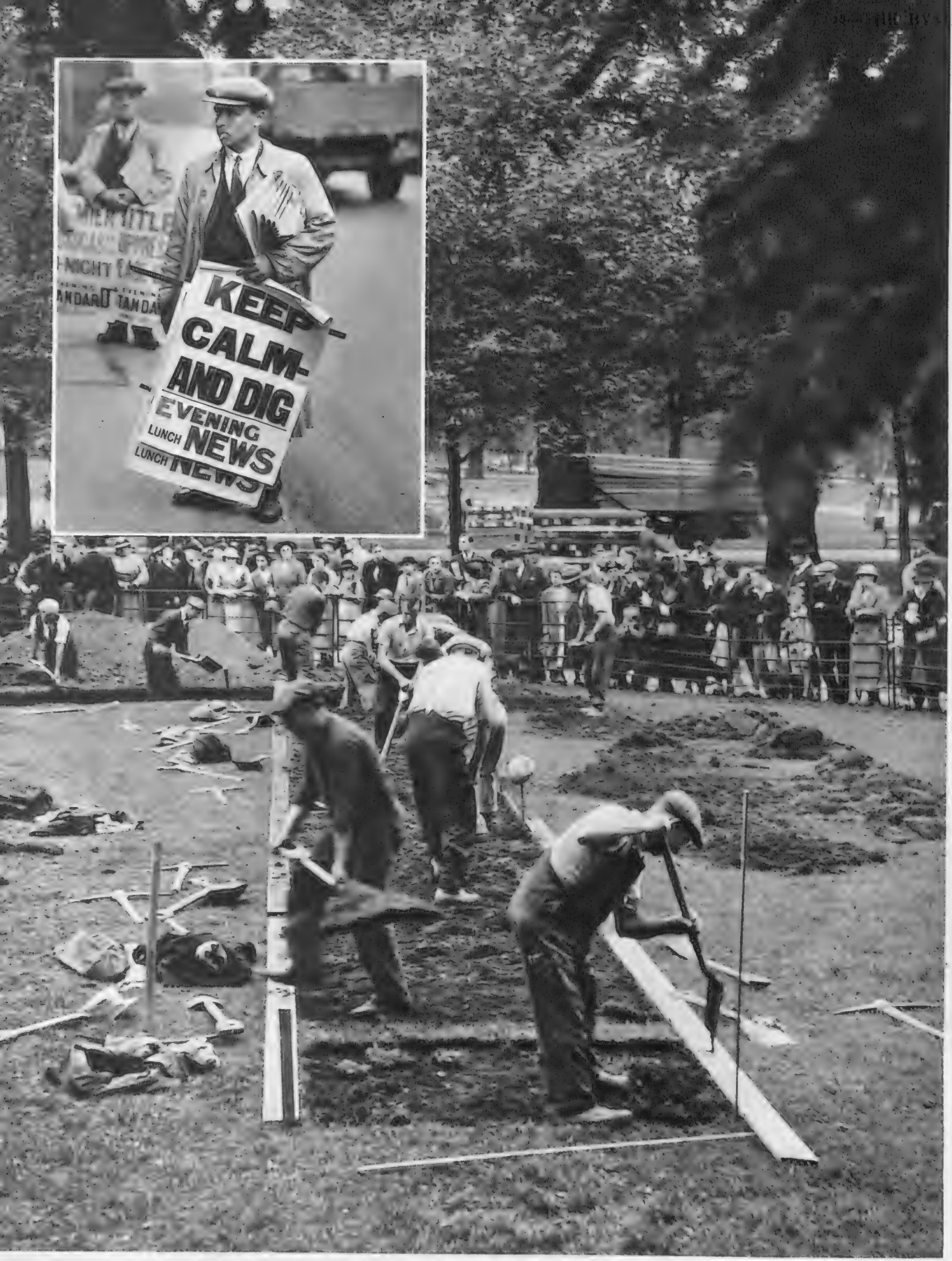
"An Act of Faith": the Queen Launches the Queen Elizabeth

"The launching of a ship is like the inception of all great human enterprises, an act of faith. We cannot foretell the future, but in preparing for it we show our trust in a Divine Providence and in ourselves. We proclaim our belief that by the Grace of God, and by man's patience and good will, order may yet be brought out of confusion and peace out of turmoil. With that hope and prayer in our hearts we send forth upon her mission this noble ship." So the Queen concluded her fine and moving speech before the launching of the world's biggest ship. The whole event was one to stir the imagination. This gesture of peace and sanity in a world preparing for destruction symbolised the atmosphere throughout the country last week—a determination to proceed calmly until the last possible moment with its normal life, as the most valuable action possible towards the preserving of that life. The King's message to "be of good cheer" received a liberal and metaphorical response from the crowds that watched the great ship take the water. Their cheers for the Queen and her newly christened namesake spoke the feelings of all Britain



"She's Away!": Watching the Queen Elizabeth Take the Water

At three o'clock last Tuesday "No. 552" became the 85,000-ton Queen Elizabeth, floating calmly on the waters of her birthplace, the Clyde. With eager pleasure Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose watched the launch by the Queen. On the platform with them were Lord Aberconway, chairman of John Brown and Co., Mr. S. J. Piggott, resident director of the shipyard, Sir Iain Colquhoun, Sir Percy Bates, chairman of the Cunard-White Star line. After the launch was over the Queen took her daughters back to Balmoral by special train, and the following evening she travelled south again to rejoin the King at Buckingham Palace



We Kept Calm—and Dug

Intermediary to the Rescue

"Dear Octopus," at the Queen's

The grandchildren *discuss bad language: Scrap (Muriel Pavlov) knows nothing worse than "district nurse"; Flouncey and Bill (Sylvia Hammond and Paul Sylvester) find it unimpressive*

The son *(John Gielgud) rocks himself into reminiscences of his own childhood*

Smooth and comfortable lives these Randolphs live, such lives as already since the play was produced three weeks ago have begun to seem "dated" and remote. But the family comedy, with its quarrels, jokes, loves, disillusions, reconciliations and sentiments, has Dodie Smith's apt, persuasive dialogue and friendly characterisations, has Marie Tempest and John Gielgud as its stars, is acted with enormous skill and not a little brilliance (by Valerie Taylor and the child Muriel Pavlov, for example), is finely produced by Glen Byam Shaw, set and dressed by Motley. Thus theatrically effective, *Dear Octopus* in its very remoteness from to-day's gas-mask-ridden reality offers an admirable evening's escape from the contemplation of world catastrophe

Photographs by

Confession: *Cynthia (Valerie Taylor) tells her mother (Marie Tempest) about the unhappy love-affair that kept her seven years from home, and receives unexpected absolution*

Accusation: *the companion (Angela Baddeley) has to listen to her employer's daughter-in-law (Una Venning) dragging to light her hidden love for her employer's son (John Gielgud)*

Gratitude: *Nanny receives Mrs. for forty-seven the Randolph young*

The daughter *(Valerie Taylor) makes the acquaintance of her dead sister's child Scrap (Muriel Pavlov)*

The father and mother *(Leon Quartermaine and Marie Tempest) greet a golden-wedding guest and a piece of the past. Belle (Kate Cutler) was once in love with Charles Randolph, the velvet-jacketed head of the "Octopus" family*

Angus McBean

(Annie Esmond) Randolph's thanks years' service with of two generations

Reunion: *after fifty years of married life and two and a half hours of mild complications, the old Randolphs, surrounded by their offspring and friends, drink a "grand toast" to the "Dear Octopus"—their family*

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Mr. F. W. Ogilvie, Director of British Broadcasting

The Director-General of the British Broadcasting Corporation is five days old in his job. When as an outsider he romped home for the B.B.C. stakes in July (*Bystander*, August 3rd), a lot was said about him, how he came from the academic groves (of Belfast), how he was cultured, modest, a gardener, a Scot like his predecessor. Since then his holiday in Scotland and his family's settlement into a "dream-house" in St. John's Wood have been chronicled. But very few observers can have imagined until three weeks ago that when Frederick Wolff Ogilvie took over at Broadcasting House, his job held every chance of becoming a key post from a military point of view. The unique importance of broadcasting in war has long been realised, and it was said that the B.B.C. has for more than a year been ready with the most rigorous A.R.P. plans, even up to removal from London. In any case, when Mr. Ogilvie moved officially into the Director-General's office looking onto Langham Place, on the potentially momentous October 1st, his thoughts for the future must have been far from chamber music and gardening talks

"Bystander" Short Story No. 159

Breaking Point

By Margaret Irwin

Illustration by E. Spring Smith

Lee Dark swung out of her studio on a long, casual stride, a superbly groomed young woman in a severe tailor-made that exactly suited her square shoulders and thin active limbs.

Charming, sensitive young men who talked with ease and dined with care were apt to fall in love with Lee, but she did not marry any of them: "I 've got to think of my career," she said, putting her tongue into her cheek and transforming the smart young woman into a cheeky street urchin.

"I love my love with an A because she 's American," one of them had said to her last night, "and I hate her with an A because she goes in for Art." But it was not art with a big A; she did "amusing" little groups of statuettes; there had begun to be quite a fashion for them; Lee was getting as many orders as she could cope with at the moment, more than she could cope with, in fact.

Her hands ached from modelling the wet clay, her head was tired; as she turned out of the blare and roar of the Embankment up a quiet lane and rang the bell at Rosemary's house, she passionately envied her friend's home, built when Chelsea had been a Thames-side village. She stood in a large, cool hall, where delphiniums branched out in tall blue spears against the white wall; her Ladyship was in bed, she was told, but would be delighted to see her. Lee went up the wide, shallow stairs into Rosemary's room, a pale shell where reflections from the sunlit garden came rippling up in wave after wave of green light over the glazed silver ceiling.

"Darling, how angelic of you. Do you mind this *foul* mess?"

Rosemary's voice tripped out, thin, high and clear, all the words rounded off like trickling drops of water; she leaned forward to greet her friend — white arms outstretched with gossamer night-gown sleeves floating away from them, piquant, plaintive little face uptilted, an elf very thinly disguised as an angel, quick hands saying even quicker than her speech: "Sit down—can you find a place *anywhere*—have you had tea? A cocktail, then—what about strawberries? Never mind Mason."

Mason, in prune-coloured linen with a Puritan cap, was kneeling on the white carpet in an attitude of worship before a row of tiny, glittering, high-heeled shoes.

Golden slippers, silver sandals, painted shoes in "modern" patterns, Turkish mules with sharply upcurling noses, so these were the "foul mess." Lee, staring at them and their devoted attendant in the green-gold light from outside, "saw" them, suddenly, burningly, inconveniently, so that her aching finger-joints, which she had been cracking like walnuts to relieve their stiffness, now ached in quite a different sense, to seize and perpetuate that absurd, charming moment in potter's clay.

"Darling, what are you staring at? Are you going all 'groupy'?—*your* groups, I mean, not Oxford, though they are as much of a new religion as t'other—*poor* Lady Wishfort had promised everyone they should see a new Lee Dark group at her party that would wipe every other Lee Dark-group owner's eye, and *there* was the party with their eyes starting out of their heads looking for it and saying, '*No* thank you, *not* another one, but where is *it*?' Did you do it on purpose, you villain? Did Lady Haddem bribe you against Lady Wishfort so as to keep *her* group the newest thing in London?"

"In Company, restrain Passion. Hearken much and speak little"

"Oh God!" groaned Lee, and sat down suddenly, no longer seeing that brilliant and satiric moment she had longed to snatch, but only a stupid, stout maid and a lot of shoes; seeing, too, though she would not turn and face them, the restless, inquisitive eyes between the curtains that went flickering and mocking all over her.

Rosemary with her brittle, scintillating air, fluttering like a bird in that great, pearly satin nest, snapping out her words—out they all sprang in a row, neat and bright as new pins—and like pins they were pricking Lee all over, saying, "Now for it, now you 've got to answer." Should she tell Rosemary that she had finished that group a week ago and forgotten all about it? What was Rosemary saying now?

"My *poor*! I suppose she was on the phone all day badgering you about it."

"She may have been for all I know. I wasn't at the studio."

"Lee! Why on earth? Where on earth? Oh, but my dear, it *is* so important not to offend people."

"I know."

"Darling, why won't you tell me?"

"That 's why."

"How laconic you are! Dane says you talk like a minute-gun at sea—and it leaves me at sea. I never could fathom the wide, open spaces."

(Crackle, crackle, spark somewhere, snap somewhere, but all so pretty, and what is she saying? Better not listen—you might answer.

"In Company restrain Passion.
Hearken much and speak little."

Where had she seen those words just now, somewhere in this room?)

"Lee, have you gone to sleep? Why don't you answer me?"

"Why don't *you*—keep up your music?"

It was the last thing either of them had expected to come out, but Rosemary, having more social conscience than Lee, at once answered it.

"Oh, my dear, how *could* I manage it? Always one thing after another. And what 's the use when one need only touch a button to turn on the gramophone to hear darling Jelly or Kreisler play one exquisite suite after another without ever stirring from one's chair?"

"You prefer that to making it yourself?"

"Yes, as I 'm not good enough."

"You were at school."

"Those *funny* old days at school; When all the mistresses wore short skirts, do you remember, and their knees flapping together under the desk? Doesn't a 1927 snapshot make you *scream*? Dane, *darling*! Here 's Lee asking why I don't keep up my music, just like the old Head when I went back for Speech Day."

"Well, why don't you? Hullo, Lee! How 's the mud? Saying your prayers, Mason? Don't get up. I don't want to wait more than an hour and a half for the luggage when I come back with the car."

Rosemary's husband had lounged in, and leaned up against the carved Adam's chimneypiece; his broad shoulders, rising squarely against the delicate Empire mirror, looked as though they were holding up the whole shimmering, unsubstantial room. The massive head, the great jaw, the square cheeks, all

(Concluded on page viii)

Joyce Barbour as Mrs. Garth-Bander

Ronald Ward as Roger, Garth-Bander guest and later son-in-law

The Garth-Banders

The family, their servants and their guests, drawn by Grant Macdonald as they appear in Gerald Savory's long-running play, now at the Piccadilly Theatre

"George and Margaret"

Noel Howlett as Mr. Garth-Bander

Ann Casson as Gladys, Garth-Bander maid and later daughter-in-law

Nigel Patrick as Dudley Garth-Bander

Jane Baxter as Frankie Garth-Bander

The success of *George and Margaret* is the sort of thing that encourages bank clerks, junior reporters, mannequins and anyone else you like to write plays and send them to managers. *George and Margaret* was produced by a repertory, came West and never looked back. *George and Margaret* won its author, Gerald Savory, fame and a Hollywood job. *George and Margaret*, with no plot and a comparatively small cast, seems deceptively simple. *George and Margaret* is, in fact, a brilliantly polished and balanced piece of nothing, a family comedy whose deepest themes seem to be "sausages for breakfast again?" and "have you seen the new maid?" As for the actors, one can only feel that for each part no one better could have been found in the kingdom

John Boxer as Claude Garth-Bander

Irene Handl as the New Maid

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Behind the Scenes and Across the Footlights

By V. S. Pritchett

BEACONSFIELD said: "The most powerful men are not public men. The public man is responsible, and a responsible man is a slave. It is private life that governs the world." This bouquet to detachment has a fitting place on the title-page of the fourth volume of the *Journals and Letters of Reginald, Viscount Esher* (Nicholson and Watson; 25*s*.), for he was monumentally "the man behind the scenes," the august and almost regal intermediary. A man who had turned down jobs as various as the editorship of the *Daily News*, the War Office and the Viceroyalty of India must have left the ambitious sometimes with the uncomfortable feeling that they had got into the wrong boat. His own view of the ship of State was very much that of the privileged passenger who is allowed on the bridge, who is, indeed, put there, in the mysterious fashion of English public life, by the company. The present volume covers the period 1916-1930; most of it, the interesting part, is devoted to the two years of war and the fatal preparation at Versailles for the next one. Lord Esher had no doubts about that. He speaks with pity of the war-to-end-war school, and the only consolation he offers them is the half-true theory (he is writing in 1917) that peoples and not individuals make the wars nowadays, and peoples may be inclined to pause for a moment before taking the next plunge. "And that pause cannot prove otherwise than beneficent."

We have lived since the war in perpetual earshot of the megaphone. The private voice, the individual judgment, such as is uttered in diaries and letters, has consequently an air of quiet authority. Lord Esher not only writes truthfully, but he has the art of appearing to write "the truth." This is comforting even when it is a delusion. After all, his prejudices are very definite. He is one of the old school who had the usual governing class view about Ireland—the Irish are irresponsible and must be ruled despotically—but his mind was elastic enough to grasp that the war was to some extent a revolution, and his correspondence with Smillie and Ramsay MacDonald, his comments on Thomas, show an understanding that big changes were necessary. But there is, I think, a distaste for democracy at the bottom of his contempt for the politicians and his fervour for the soldiers like Kitchener and Haig. His contempt went further when he considered the ant-hill of French politics. He knew the French, undoubtedly: they must be treated as a man treats a difficult mistress. But "a man behind the scenes" himself, he was naturally convinced that only the men behind the scenes in France really mattered; and a good deal of what he condemns as intrigue when he is writing to Kitchener, Robertson and Haig is often really nothing more than the natural activity of people who did not share his view that the war must be won in the West. When the collapse came in the East, the politicians do not look quite such fools, after all.

One of Loraine's Parts

Winifred Loraine has written the biography of her husband, Robert Loraine, who is seen here in his best-known part of Cyrano de Bergerac. The picture is one of the illustrations to the book, called "Robert Loraine—Actor, Soldier, Airman" and reviewed on this page

So, secure in his detachment, disillusioned but far, far from cold, Lord Esher sits the world out. Never rattled (and that is his considerable quality), he writes his concise, epigrammatic judgments for a government which could not bear having a policy and watches the page dry with bland satisfaction.

ACTORS and actresses are interesting chiefly when circumstance acts them off the stage; yet even this is not a safe rule, as is shown by Winifred Loraine's *Robert Loraine* (Collins; 10*s*. 6*d*.). Here was a man who acted all the time. The secret of the success of this biography lies in the frankness of the writer and the restiveness of the subject. Robert Loraine was enormously a person. He was essentially the courageous man, a kind of Cyrano in real life who was incapable of turning Tanner in *Man and Superman* into anything but Robert Loraine refusing to surrender—to Shaw's despair. And to the Flying Corps' despair when he became a reckless pioneer of aviation. He was the first to fly the Irish Channel; he could crash any machine; he was a martinet who became the best-hated man in the R.F.C. Mrs. Loraine's study is not particularly subtle, but it is vigorous and alive—very much alive and very much aware of a delightful, impossible and dominant character.

MISS MARGARET ARMSTRONG'S *Fanny Kemble* (Macmillan; 15*s*.) also succeeds and again because it is not all stage. The lordly Kembles, with the terrifying Sarah Siddons in the family, are excellent background to begin with. Lord Brougham once said that only something like the ocean or the East India Company would have the courage to propose to Sarah Siddons. Fanny was dubiously regarded as an actress. She had her spectacular success and saved Covent Garden for the Kembles with her Juliet, but she seemed too much the child of nature to the critical. She had the genius of the naif, would write and act without apparent forethought. Her personal tragedy was that her passionate nature was caged in a marriage to a dull and rather cruel American. The child of the Regency sat stifled by matrimony in a Philadelphia drawing-room; the converted abolitionist was the wife of a slave-owner. The trouble about Fanny's marriage as tragedy is that it was too long-drawn-out in its crushing cruelty; it was, in fact, just another bad marriage. The light of the earlier chapters of Miss Armstrong's book goes out in America and a growing monotony creeps over that part of the narrative. Oddly enough, it is the stage which wins one's interest—perhaps because Fanny Kemble had not got her heart in it.

THE title of *Journey to Manaos*, by Earl Parker Hanson (Gollancz; 12*s*. 6*d*.), suggests, I think unfortunately, the overdone Amazon. Do not be misled. It deals mainly with Venezuela and the Orinoco, a region neglected by writers partly because of the attentions of the late detestable dictator, Gomez. What twenty-five years of Gomez and his family have done to that region, an American scientist now relates. Towns on his map were just jungle when he got there. This is in every way an unusual book, interesting in its defence of the Indians, fascinating in its examination of the economics of flight and murder, full of good rough portraits with more thought to them than at first appears, and finally attractive in the writer's own self-portrait. Conscientious, querulous, fussy, nervous, honest, persistently enquiring, the embarrassed doctor leaves one half-grinning and half-stirred. He has a good deal to say about his discovery that the economics of the Orinoco swamps and of civilisation were intimately related. How people get a living, whoever they are, on the dirty fringes of civilisation, stands out as one of the most fruitful fields of enquiry of our time; and the Americans have led the way in this social botanising.

Social Register

A.R.P. : Mrs. Benn and Miss Greig

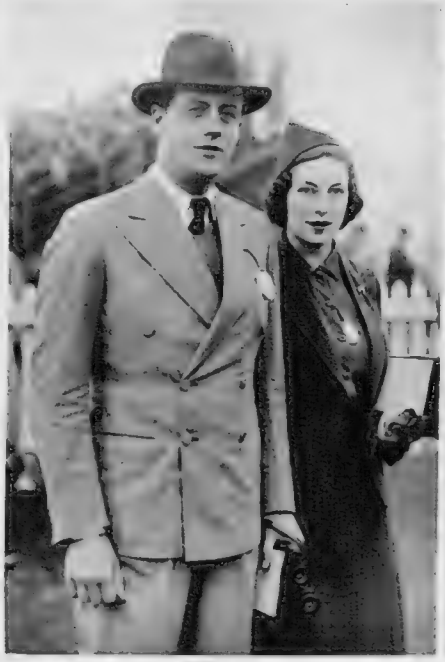
Mrs. E. G. Benn is the hon. publicity chief of Women's Voluntary Services, and Jane Greig, Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig's daughter, is one of her assistants. With a small first-aid box on the desk, they worked their way through a sea of papers

Racing : A Scottish Debutante and Her Escort

Far away from the nervous tension of London, Perth races drew a big crowd. Lord Loughborough, Lady Milbanke's son, is heir to his grandfather, the Earl of Rosslyn. Lord Andrew Cavendish is the Duke of Devonshire's son. Lady Margaret Ogilvy is Lord Airlie's debutante daughter

Debutante: the Hon. Jean Williamson

Lord and Lady Forres gave a dance for their debutante daughter, Jean Williamson, at Glenogil, Forfar. It was also a good-bye party for them, as they are off to South America



Engaged : Mr. Cecil and Miss Burnett

The Hon. Henry Cecil, Lady Amherst of Hackney's younger son, and Rohays Burnett of Leys were a newly engaged couple at the Perth meeting. She is the only daughter of Major-General Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys

Engaged : Mr. Baird and Miss MacGregor

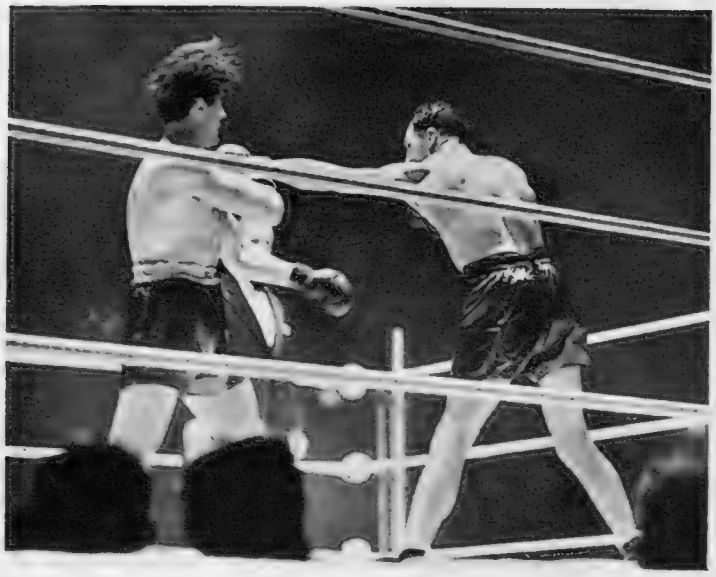
Another Scottish season engagement is between the Hon. Greville Baird and Gelda MacGregor of Cardney. He is Viscount and Viscountess Stonehaven's second son, is in the R.A.F., and flew north to stay with his fiancée's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alasdair MacGregor of Cardney, Perthshire

Married : Sir David and Lady Hawley

Left : Sir David Hawley, Bt., who is in the 60th Rifles, and Hermione Gregson were married earlier than they had planned, owing to the crisis. The bride is the daughter of Lady Violet Gregson, of 1, Hyde Park Street, W.2

Right : the Hon. Patrick Ogilvie-Grant of Grant, Lord and Lady Strathspey's only son, and Alice Bowe had two pipers to pipe them from All Saints', Eastbourne. She is the daughter of the late Francis Bowe, of New Zealand, and Mrs. Bowe, of 55, Blackwater Road, Eastbourne

Country Wedding : The Hon. Patrick Ogilvie-Grant and Miss Bowe



The Doyle-Phillips fight *at Harringay was somewhat overshadowed last week by threats of grimmer clashes, but none the less it was an exciting — and surprising — encounter. Doyle (right) came in hard and gave Phillips a lot to think about in the first round; in the second he became incautious, Phillips scored an unbalancing swing and Doyle went through the ropes to defeat*

Hot hockey *at Plaistow Lane was played between Bromley and a visiting team got up by A. D. Ogilvy. The match was in celebration of the jubilee season of the home club, and no better opponent could have been chosen by them than Ogilvy, who has appeared for England in thirty-five matches. His team beat the celebrants by 5—1. Here half-time lemons are fallen on by damp players*

Howard Marshall on Sport

JACK DOYLE and sensation seem to be indissolubly linked together. I have seen most of his fights but never one with a more dramatic ending than his dive through the ropes in the second round against Eddie Phillips the other day.

In the first round of that fight Doyle had looked exceedingly dangerous, and twice he rocked Phillips with terrific right-hand punches. Phillips stood up to him with tremendous pluck, though I can't help feeling that it would have been wiser for him to hit and step away instead of swapping punches. I asked Phillips about this afterwards and he said he felt that he could not encourage Doyle by stepping back, but must stand up to him. "But," he added, "he's mighty strong."

Phillips maintains that it was a left hook which sent Doyle through the ropes, though the opinion of onlookers is sharply divided on the point. Many say that Doyle swung one of his tremendous rights and, when he missed, the momentum threw him off his balance and carried him through.

Whatever the truth may be, it was extraordinary to see Doyle lurch and topple and fall helplessly to disappear from view in the sudden surge of an amazed crowd. A disappointing finish to a fight which promised us every kind of excitement, though I suppose that now a return between these two is very plainly on the cards.

PHILLIPS deserves the highest commendation for the plucky way he stood up to the Doyle barrage and also for exposing Doyle's limitations with that straight left of his.

On the other hand, Doyle looked much more businesslike than we had expected, though judging solely by his physical appearance I should have doubted his ability to last a long while. He seemed to carry too much flesh, and his weight of sixteen stone one pound bore out that view.

Whether Phillips will be so keen on a return is another matter, though beyond question it would be a money-spinner. Quite possibly Phillips feels that an uncommonly awkward obstacle is out of his way and that he would now prefer to meet Len Harvey as a further stage in the process of sorting out claimants to the British heavyweight title.

There never were two more oddly-contrasted boxers than Phillips and Doyle. When they walked through the crowd on their way to the ring, with the spotlight shining on them and the fanfare of trumpets greeting them, Phillips hung his head and looked neither to right nor to left. Doyle swung through like a matinee idol, smiling, waving his hand, and brimful of confidence. That was possibly because he had insisted upon payment of the majority of his purse before entering the ring.

THAT same night at Harringay George James, the Welsh heavyweight, was introduced from the ring, and many people remarked how like Jack Petersen he is—the same dark, rather Celtic cast of features. Certainly in Wales they regard him as another Petersen; and before very long we shall see him fighting some of the top-liners in London.

Maurice Strickland was there, too, and he is bound to come into the picture. Strickland would certainly be a most formidable trial horse for any of the British heavyweight contenders, and he might be given the opportunity of tackling Doyle.

There was a great deal of talk at Harringay about the drawing power of Doyle. It is perfectly true that he makes no real pretence of being a boxer and that his appearances in the ring are rare and flamboyant. But the fact remains that he does produce action, and, if he is prepared to settle down to really serious training, it is still possible to think of him as a fighter liable to beat the best we can produce in this country.

Doyle, after all, is only twenty-five years of age, and it is just a matter of temperament.

The season's opening *of the New Forest buckhounds was notable for the first appearance as Joint-Masters of Mr. H. J. Colebrook and his daughter, Miss Josephine Colebrook. They take over this season from Sir J. W. Buchanan-Jardine and Mr. A. W. H. Dalgety. Hounds met at Furzey Lawns, where the New Forest foxhounds have their kennels*

Hot Rugby *was played the same day as hot hockey between Old Merchant Taylors and London Scottish at Richmond. O.M.T.'s were unlucky at the outset in losing their scrum-half, Wyndham Smith, who fractured a tibia like Don Bradman. In these circumstances their 11—8 defeat was a credit. Here A. H. B. Adair, who captains the London Scottish from behind the scrum, gets one out to his partner, Strathie*

The U.S. amateur champion *received his trophy from Archie Reid, president of the U.S. Golfing Association, after he had won it at Oakmont, Pa. He is Willie Turnesa, of New York, and he played remarkable golf to beat B. Patrick Abbott (left), of California, in the thirty-six holes final by 8 and 7. Both men were little-known players when the tournament opened*

THIS applies also to Benny Lynch, this question of temperament. It was extraordinary that he should be nearly six pounds over-weight for his fight with Kayo Morgan, of America, last week at Glasgow. He had been provisionally suspended by the Scottish Board for a breach of training regulations; he had deposited a guarantee of £500 that he would make the weight, and then not only does he fail to keep his guarantee but he exceeds the limit by such a substantial margin.

This has happened too often with Lynch, and promoters in particular must have grown very wary of him. It is all most unfortunate, for Lynch is a very great little fighter, unquestionably the best in the world within his varying poundages.

NOW a word about Rugby football and in particular from the players' point of view a gratitude for the rain which fell last week. I watched my first club match during our Indian summer and rarely have I felt more sorry for the unfortunate participants.

For the first time in my life I saw a forward wearing rubber boots. And though the sight made me shudder, I couldn't reasonably blame him. Nothing is more wretched than having the studs of your boots driven through by the hard grounds. And, even if the nails don't penetrate, still the protuberances within bruise the soles of your feet and blister them most uncomfortably.

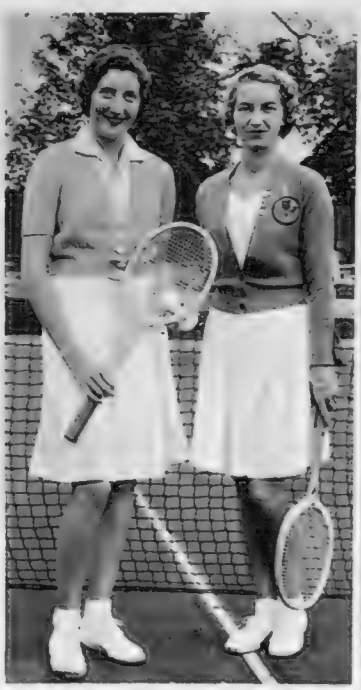
We must expect this kind of discomfort if we choose to start our Rugby football so early. It 's the same tale every year. September heat-waves and farcical games. The need for gate-money is the cause of many evils.

IN the meanwhile, minor revolutions seem to be going on in the golf world. The R. and A. Committee have not only approved the proposed fourteen-club limit, but they are considering the power of the golf ball and seem to think that the time has come to restrict its length of flight.

This, no doubt, is essential for the tigers. But when it comes to the rabbits, they may feel a sense of grievance. I should never worry about a restriction on the number of clubs—the more clubs the greater the confusion, it seems to me. On the other hand, I like my golf ball to fly as far as possible by its own volition, for it gets very little other encouragement from me!

Women versus Men *at Tidworth was the match which Lady Patricia Hibbert and Mrs. Richards are going out to open, the former to score 8, the latter 90. Major Mark Sykes got up the men's team, his sister Susan captained the ladies, the former won*

Newbury *was the place, the autumn meeting the occasion, for this picture of two good-looking people: Mr. Teddy Underdown, actor and gentleman rider, and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, wife of gentleman rider. She was Diana Carlos-Clarke*



Mary Hardwick *won the Westminster Trophy at Roehampton by beating Mrs. Macpherson-Grant (left) in the final. Mrs. Grant, who married an Edinburgh W.S. last year, was junior champion of Great Britain last year. She is now ranked second in Scotland*

The Hon. Patrick Butler, *Lord Lanesborough's younger son, was a finalist in the men's handicap singles at Roehampton. He beat his companion in this picture, M. H. Penty (left)*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Worplesdon Draw

THE Worplesdon Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes this year, Hitler permitting, will, I am sure, be as interesting, as enjoyable and also as amusing as they have ever been before.

Practically everyone, man, woman and child who is anyone in amateur golf in England has entered and there are, as usual, entries from the Continent of Europe and elsewhere.

The entrants from abroad include Fru F. Widengren, who is better known in the golfing world as Miss Ferelith Low, a daughter of the late Mr. John L. Low, who worked so hard to revise the Rules of Golf and also to start the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society. Last year Fru Widengren travelled all the way from Sweden, where she now lives, to play at Worplesdon; unfortunately she was unable to play, not because, as some unkind friends suggested in fun, she was drawn against Lady Heathcoat-Amory, but because she was laid up with a severe chill. You will probably remember that the lady captain of Worplesdon, Mrs. Stedall, gallantly stepped into the breach and partnered George Adams, who had to miss a short putt near the end of the round, to prevent his partner overplaying her part and putting out the greatest lady golfer there has ever been.

This year there will be the usual assorted collection of partnerships; no less than eleven married couples are prepared to risk straining domestic bliss; in other partnerships we find a good woman playing with a bad man, in a few instances two good golfers playing together and possibly—I cannot see Miss Helme agreeing with me here—we may find a good man playing with a bad woman.

There is a very distinct chance of a married couple being successful for the first time this year; besides the Heathcoat-Amorys, the Eddises, the Critchleys, the Grant-Whites and the Grays will all require a tremendous amount of beating.

An interesting pair in the top quarter of the draw is Miss Wanda Morgan and K. A. S. Morrice. It is difficult to foretell how they will get on together. Morrice is a much better golfer in a foursome than in a single and is, in fact, one of the best foursome players in the country, but his partner is seldom at her best when she is not hitting her own ball.

Miss Morgan, because she is employed by a company which sells golf balls, has not been allowed to play in any amateur events this season, consequently we have not seen her in serious action for some time. We will, however, be able to get some idea from her form at Worplesdon whether she would have won her third consecutive English Ladies' Championship at Aldeburgh last month, supposing she had been allowed to play in it. If Miss Morgan was employed by a firm which sells scent, she could have played in all amateur events this year. I cannot see that there is very much difference between selling golf balls and selling scent. The qualifications of a good saleswoman are surely the same whether she is to sell golf balls, scents, or anything else.

Miss Kathleen Garnham, who with A. S. G. Thompson was defeated in the final last year, is giving her partner another chance. They are in the top quarter of the draw with many other strong pairs besides Miss Morgan and Morrice, namely, Miss Dorrit Wilkins and C. J. Anderson, the defeated finalists of 1936, the Eddises, the Heathcoat-Amorys and the Critchleys. It appears very possible that a married couple will find their way to the semi-final from this quarter, which as it also includes Miss Cradock Hartopp and her partner, is clearly a very strong one.

In the second quarter we find the holders, Mrs. H. M. Heppel and L. G. Crawley, also Miss Phyllis Wade and her fiancé, Michael Gardner, who won the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy when it was played for on his home course at Parkstone, and also the following year at Felixstowe.

The third quarter includes Mrs. M. Garon and E. F. Storey, who must be a terribly good combination, old comrades in arms in Miss Jean Hamilton and Stuart Forsyth, Miss Enid Wilson and J. H. T. Neilson, and a most interesting couple and one likely to be extremely dangerous in Mrs. Allan Macbeth, who won the Ladies' Championship a few years ago, and Edward Bromley Davenport, who played well in the Walker Cup trial matches.

The last quarter includes Miss Molly Gourlay and A. A. Duncan, the Welsh and Army champion, Miss Pamela Barton and Francis Francis, Miss Dorothy Pearson and Captain Geoffrey Hawkins, of whom I have just seen a photograph in one of our weekly periodicals showing how it should be done; these two are real fighters and very likely to beat with ease players who consider themselves vastly superior golfers. Finally come Miss Doris Park and A. S. Anderson, another great foursome player; but I doubt if his game is quite long enough to give his partner complete satisfaction.

***The Prince of Wales's Cup** was won by E. Nugent Head (looking down), when he returned a total of 291 in the 72-hole stroke competition at Prince's, Sandwich. This score equals the event's record. With Head is Raymond Quilter (West Sussex)*

A NEW Aldeburgh pair will make its first appearance at Worplesdon, namely, Miss Betty Abdy Collins and Major A. Dering, the secretary of the Aldeburgh G.C. They will have their work cut out if they are to follow in the footsteps of that famous and great-hearted Aldeburgh pair, Miss Joy Winn and V. C. Longstaffe, who played regularly for many years with great success and who were extremely unlucky to be washed out of the final of 1929 on the thirty-ninth green, at which hole they had the best of the exchanges to the green, where they found casual water on more occasions than their opponents.

Miss Abdy Collins in her first championship, the English at Aldeburgh last month, won her first match by no less than eight holes up and seven holes to play, which is, without any doubt, a very satisfactory start to championship play.

***The "Sphere" Cup** was played for at an invitation meeting at Addington and provided some lively golf. These two players are A. Pemberton and J. Skinner. The winner was E. W. Barney*

***The Schoolmasters' Cup** was won by D. Newton King, here seen leaving the sixteenth green at Westward Ho! with his victim in the final, by 3 and 2, Dr. Goggins. Their respective handicaps are 2 and 10. The Schoolmasters' Cup match, which used to be confined to members of the Royal North Devon Club, is now an open and popular event*

This is the Gin

made as only the purest and best Gin can be made, by the process of distillation and rectification, the secret of the House of Gordon since *1769*.

The Gin that really is Gin

If you value your health—insist on

Gordon's

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON *The largest gin distillers in the world*

Miss Wilbraham and Capt. Jones-Mortimer

It was a Cheshire wedding at All Saints, Odd Rode, between Captain Hugh Maurice Carstairs Jones-Mortimer, only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. W. C. B. Jones-Mortimer, and Elisabeth Sybilla Baker Wilbraham, Sir Philip and Lady Baker Wilbraham's only daughter

Mr. F. J. Colville and Miss Fane

Frederick James Colville, the Gordon Highlanders, Admiral the Hon. Sir Stanley and Lady Adelaide Colville's youngest son, married Dorothy Louisa Fane, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fane, of 24, Dawson Place, W., at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. It was one of several weddings put forward in view of the crisis

Mr. Emsley Carr and Miss Forsyth

Sir Emsley and Lady Carr's youngest son, William, married Jean Mary Forsyth at Chelsea Old Church. She is the daughter of the late Neil Forsyth and Mrs. Forsyth, of 149, Park West, W.2. Sir Emsley and Lady Carr live at Walton-on-the-Hill, and a neighbour, the Bishop of Guildford, officiated

Weddings of the Week

Right: at All Saints Church, Woodbridge, Suffolk, Pamela Scrimgeour, of Monewden Hall, Monewden, Woodbridge, was married to Ralph Mordaunt Snagge, youngest son of his Honour Judge Sir Mordaunt and Lady Snagge, of Iver, Bucks.

Mr. Ralph Mordaunt Snagge and Miss Pamela Scrimgeour

Mr. G. R. E. Blois and Miss Audrey Johnson

Another Cheshire wedding was at Scholar Green Parish Church between Gervase Ralph Edmund Blois and Audrey Winifred Johnson. He is Captain Sir Ralph and Lady Blois' elder son. She is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Harry Johnson, of Boden Hall, Cheshire. The Rev. G. V. Blois, uncle of the bridegroom, officiated

Miss Gethin and Mr. J. A. P. Charles

James Andrew Paton Charles, of Koyet, Sotik, Kenya, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Paton Charles, of Vale Copse, Tunbridge Wells, and Norah Helen Catharine Gethin, only daughter of Colonel Sir Richard and Lady Gethin, were married at the Royal Garrison Church, Woolwich. The bride's parents held the reception at their home, Fairlawn, Eltham

After-Summer Care

Back in town, back from the bright glitter of summer suns and clear blue skies, back to the excitement of new autumn fashions, long days in town, gay evenings at the theatre, dining out and dancing. But are you ready for them? Does your skin need care? Is its texture soft and fine? Does the contour of your face need toning up? Has your summer tan left unsightly streaks on arms and shoulders where all should be gleaming white? Come to the Elizabeth Arden Salon for a course of treatments, or use her after-summer preparations faithfully at home to recover your elegance. Her Anti-Brown Masque is especially recommended for stimulating sun weary faces, arms and shoulders; her Velva Cream Masque for restoring smoothness and firmness to the contour of your face. Anti-Brown Masque, 6/6, 10/6, 18/6. Velva Cream Masque, 12/6, 21/-.

Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden, Ltd.

25 OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

The County Finals and English Championship : By Eleanor E. Helme

THIS is the strangest week even the elder ones of us have ever lived through, and quite the strangest Championship. Usually the difficulty is to realise that any world exists outside the Championship : this time the difficulty has been to think the Championship real or of any importance. Except, of course, the importance of keeping one's end up and putting a brave face on it.

In that belief, and with an unshakable faith in Chamberlain, we are getting through it somehow, and with events well worth telling.

Lancashire's win of the County Finals, after thirty years of disappointment, was one of the best things which has happened in golf this many a long day. Surrey I may be to the core, but nobody knows better than I how stultifying, to themselves and everybody else, it can be when the same team or the same individual wins again and again. Lancashire's success has not only given fresh heart to them, but to every other county who has struggled against adversity.

"WHO is Mrs. Crewe Roden ?" was the universal and natural question when that name appeared at the top of Lancashire's seven, but it was soon established that this was Miss Robinson, who startled the county by winning their Championship this spring. She did not succeed in winning a match, for Miss Peggy Bullard, Miss Molly Gourlay, and Lady Katharine Cairns are all tough nuts to crack at a first appearance, but she kept the rest of the side down, and that possibly counted for a good deal. The champion county, indeed, began none too well that first morning against Somerset, for Mrs. Newton had a big round "O" after her name as well, and the West Country side, with three matches in, had won two of them. But Miss Corlett, rock of strength that she is, had got home from Miss Wall, though only by 2 and 1, the smaller ball still feeling a trifle queer to her after hitting the big one over in America ; and then Miss Firth, Mrs. Soulby, Miss Peggy Edwards, and Miss Erica Taylor got home, and that was Lancashire's first win, comfortable enough in the end, by 5 to 2. Surrey beat Norfolk that morning by the same margin, but by such small margins that Norfolk had good reason to be pleased. In the afternoon Lancashire, too, found Norfolk remarkably difficult to dispose of, and again began poorly, with Mrs. Roden beaten 7 and 5 by Miss Peggy Bullard, and Miss Corlett 3 and 2 by Mrs. Jackson, who is the most brilliant of the Kerr sisters. Mrs. Newton, though, brought in a win, and the tail wagged in splendid unison, so that Lancashire were through by 4 to 3. Surrey had a 5 to 2 win from Somerset that afternoon.

THE luck of the draw had been kind in putting Lancashire and Surrey against each other last. There was a tense atmosphere that morning—as tense, that is to say, as anything could be when everybody's real concern was to get back to the clubhouse and listen in silent groups round the steward's wireless. If truth be told, the top match went unwatched, though there were some spectacular putts from Mrs. Roden before Miss Gourlay put the point to Surrey's credit. Then came Lancashire's greatest triumph—Miss Corlett's win from Miss Pam Barton, a triumph of beautiful swinging and good putting as against a striving for length at the expense of straightness. Three and two was Miss Corlett's win, taken as a pointer for the Championship—which it may, or may not, still prove to be. (This is written with the last eight arrived at.) Mrs. Newton backed up Miss Corlett by beating Miss Hamilton 5 and 4 ; Miss Firth, to be sure, went down to Mrs. Heppell, but Mrs. Soulby and Miss Peggy Edwards brought in wins, and there was Lancashire champion county, even though Mrs. Holder got home from Miss Taylor. It was a really popular win, and nobody who has ever played in BYSTANDER Foursomes in the Birkdale neighbourhood but was delighted to congratulate Mrs. Steele, the county's captain. Somerset beat Norfolk by the odd match, and it is worth noting that Miss D. R. Fowler, whose name was the first to be engraved on BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes cup sixteen years ago, won all her three matches for them.

Miss Esmé Davies (Burnham and Berrow) beat Miss Dorit Wilkins (Chigwell) by one hole in the third round of the English Championship at Aldeburgh. Two rounds later she herself lost to Miss J. Hamilton by 5 and 4

Miss Pamela Shand (Derbyshire) lost to Mrs. M. Garon (Addington) by 5 and 3 in the third round. Mrs. Garon was knocked out of the last eight by Mrs. E. M. Rhodes

Lancashire — the County Champions

In this group are (standing) Mrs. Wood (reserve), Miss Elsie Corlett, Mrs. Crewe Roden, Mrs. D. E. B. Soulby, Miss Erica Taylor, Miss D. I. Clark, chairman of the L.G.U., Miss D. Goldsworth (reserve) ; (sitting) Miss J. D. Firth, Miss Peggy Edwards, Mrs. H. V. Newton, Mrs. Steele (captain). Lancashire won by beating Surrey, the holders, by 4 to 3. Their only previous victory in the County Championships was thirty years ago

As for the Championship, I write with the last-eight list showing Lady Eddis, Mrs. Rhodes, Miss Joy Winn, Miss Hamilton, Miss Corlett, Mrs. Peppercorn, Miss Garnham, Miss Hodgson. So a fresh champion it is bound to be, and who dare say which ? What are the events of each day ? On the first it was Mrs. Temple Dobell's gallant fight against Miss Corlett which took the popular fancy, the win of Miss D. I. Clark, the chairman of the executive—Lancashire in the picture again—and the fact that the three youngest competitors — Maureen Ruttle, Diana Stephens, and Jean McIntyre—survived. As Mrs. Steele remarked : "Trust a girl who 's played in the Girls' Championship. They 've got a little something the others haven't got." Which gratifying remark was to be remembered afterwards when Miss Bullard put up such a grand fight against Miss Barton, taking her to the seventeenth after being six down and seven to go. The formula, though, fell to the ground when Miss Pears could not putt against Miss Hamilton, and most of all when Miss Pam Barton went out at the twenty-first to Miss Joy Winn, who was nursing soldiers in Endell Street before ever a Girls' Championship had been heard of. Perhaps it was some of the dogged pluck acquired then which made Miss Winn survive after losing the first two holes, and, when she had missed a short putt to win 3 and 2, still hanging on to win at the twenty-first. That has been the outstanding match so far. What shall follow—who knows ?

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Fur-trimmed suits are being worn more than ever this season, and here is a new model from Jay's, Regent Street. It comes from the ready to wear department on the second floor, and consists of a dress and short coat in sage-green wool with a basket weave. The dress is cut on simple lines with long sleeves and a raised pattern round the neck. Panels of sunray pleating impart a graceful swing to the skirt, while the inset picture above gives a back view of the coat. This is cut with a cape edged with red fox, and the price of this charming two-piece is twenty-two guineas. Bright colours are favoured this autumn, and quite often the same shade will be repeated in three different tones. Jay's are showing a dress and jacket in two shades of fuchsia. The shirt waist frock, cut with the new bloused back, is in the darker tone, while a paler shade is used for the jacket

Crowned in Velvet

Writing about hats is always difficult, as they are so varied that it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules as to what is and is not fashionable. The Edwardian trend in dress this year has created a vogue for small dolls' hats, toques and tricornes, all of which look charming with the new swept-up coiffure. There is also, however, a strong feeling for height in some form or other. This need not necessarily depend upon the crown, but can be achieved by the trimming. A becoming high-crowned hat in black velvet, trimmed with exotic plumes in a delicate shade of blue, is worn by the model on the left. It tilts slightly forward and reveals the hair line. Woollands, of Knightsbridge, have it in their model department together with the other hats on this page

Ostrich feathers, velvet bows, veils and hat pins all help to make the new hats thoroughly feminine and fussy. Coarse veiling tied in a fluffy bow softens the somewhat severe lines of the toque above. This is made in black velvet and has an unexpectedly high crown. The model on the right has chosen a Cossack style, also in black velvet with a touch of scarlet at the side. It is an unusual and very becoming shape which looks particularly well with furs. Talking of furs, nearly every coat and cape this season has a hat to match. The idea is charming carried out in Persian lamb, mink and silver fox, but naturally it is not every fur which lends itself to millinery

Scott Bushe

YOUTHFUL COAT in good quality black woollen fabric, cut with broad shoulder line, collar and pockets of fine Persian Lamb. Price 6½ Gns.

Made to Order 21/- *extra.*

COAT DEPARTMENT — GROUND FLOOR

DRESS in soft jersey fabric with tucking on skirt giving sunray pleated effect; contrasting flowers at waist. Black, Brown, Olive Green. Price 9½ Gns.

Made to Order 21/- *extra.*

JERSEY FABRIC DEPARTMENT — GROUND FLOOR

JAY'S LTD.

REGENT STREET, W.1
(CORNER OF OXFORD CIRCUS)

The Autumn Collection of Paris and Jay's Original Model Coats and Dresses are now being shown on the First Floor

Golf Clubs at Home

Tiverton, Devonshire

The Tiverton golf course lies on high ground about a mile and a half from the town which gives it its name. The round was designed by James Braid, who made full use of his terrain for the sporting and scenic point of view. Very fine views can be had from the up-to-date club-house

(1) J. A. Goggs (captain). (2) Dr. R. Burgess (ex-captain and committee). (3) P. R. Biggleston (secretary). (4) Sir John Heathcoat-Amory (president). (5) C. C. Wilson (ex-captain). (6) E. J. Strong (committee). (7) T. D. Button. (8) S. Donne. (9) G. Nicholson and Dr. A. R. Penny. (10) R. Wilson and E. L. Collis

Below: a View of the Club-house

Radiate pleasure everywhere
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
20 FOR 11½
50 FOR 2'5
NCC 43
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES Medium or Mild PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

The Austin Fourteen

This car has an attractive appearance and the reliable performance associated with all of its marque

As I sit down to write this article it seems that we are on the brink of war. Everything is so uncertain that it really seems futile to ignore portentous possibilities and assume glibly that the Crystal Palace Meeting *will* take place next Saturday and that the Motor Show *will* be held, according to schedule, from October 13th to 22nd. It seems to me in my present fit of doldrums that only a miracle can avert disruption of the natural order of things to come and so, apart from mentioning that there *should* be a Car Race Meeting at the Crystal Palace next Saturday, starting at 2.30 p.m., and that this programme *should* be televised by the B.B.C., I propose to deal this week exclusively with pleasant memories.

Pleasant memory number one is of the Dunlop Jubilee Meeting at Brooklands. The racing was fast and after the triple collision at the beginning of the last race at least one entrant was furious! However much one may feel inclined to blame Berg for not acquainting himself with the course to be followed before starting in the race, one must hand it to him for his frank confession of responsibility for the accident. Incidentally, this must be about the only occasion on record when a driver has stood condemned *on his own admission* for not having read the Rules.

Staniland certainly has got the Multi-Union moving! In the course of winning the first race at 127·77 m.p.h., he completed one lap at 133·88, and but for the combined considerations of a wet track and brakes which locked the off-side rear wheel whenever applied hard, he might well have won the last race as well. Bertram's performance in the third race in the getting within three-tenths of an m.p.h. of John Cobb's lap record of 143·44 m.p.h. was magnificent and he deserved a better fate than to finish unplaced—surely the handicap flatters when this sort of thing occurs! It was good to see Raymond Mays in luck at last, but I did think it a little hard on Dreyfus in the eighth race that his 4½-litre sports Delahaye should have been expected to concede thirty-one seconds to Ashby's full-blown Grand Prix supercharged Alfa-Romeo, and the fact that, whereas Ashby won, Dreyfus could do no better than secure eighth place was only to be expected in the circumstances.

Taking it all in all, however, the Dunlop Meeting provided what will probably rank as the best Brooklands racing of the year, and it is typical of the Dunlop powers-that-be that they should have seen fit to celebrate that Company's Jubilee by running such an event, for during their fifty years of virile life they have always done more to support the worthy cause of motoring sport than practically any other company.

Pleasant memory number two—an announcement reached me a few days ago of a worthy gesture on the part of the British Racing Drivers' Club in presenting special gold star awards to George Eyston and Richard Seaman (whom, by the way, we must congratulate upon his betrothal to Fräulein Erica Popp, daughter of the managing director of B.M.W.). The awards are made in recognition of Eyston's Land Speed Record of 357·5 m.p.h., and of Seaman's recent victory in the German Grand Prix. This is the first time in nine years that individual feats have been deemed deserving of the honour now conferred by the B.R.D.C. upon these two Britishers.

Eyston arrives home next Tuesday, and if I know anything of him (and I ought to, for we share an office!) he will be the first to draw attention to the fact that his new record, whilst it is 7·3 m.p.h. faster than Cobb's, only beats it in terms of *time* by one-fifth of a second.

As to Dick Seaman, the R.A.C. luncheon in his honour provided many examples of the wonderful spirit of friendship which permeates all through the motor-racing fraternity. Held as it was on September 27th, naturally a great deal of uncertainty existed in the minds of those present upon what the future held in store for the British hosts and their very welcome German guests of the Mercedes team.

Seaman's quiet but eloquent speech was all the more appreciated, therefore, because he said: "Motor racing knows no frontiers. It possesses no political animosities and no international jealousies—only a good clean rivalry and sincere friendship born of a mutual participation in a grand sport." Those words will for ever be a pleasant memory.

Pleasant memory number three—an increasing number of roads all over the country were found to be rendered safer, this summer, by the provision of "traffic lanes" indicated by white dotted lines. Now, however, such efforts to reduce road accidents are becoming so commonplace that there is a tendency on the part of some motorists to lose sight of their *raison d'être*. The R.A.C. issue a timely warning on this subject. "Although these white lines by now are a familiar sight on many main roads, particularly in the vicinity of London and other large towns," they tell us, "there still appears to be, on the part of some drivers, a certain amount of failure to comprehend the function of these traffic lanes." The R.A.C. points out it is not the intention that slow traffic should be confined to the near side lane and fast traffic to the centre lane. On the contrary, the object is to remind drivers that *all* traffic should keep to the near side, and that the crown of the road should be used only by vehicles during the act of overtaking.

It is emphasised by the R.A.C. that a driver should pull out to overtake only when it is safe to do so, and after the appropriate signal has been given.

On many roads on which these painted lanes are in use, special signs authorised by the Minister of Transport have been erected, bearing the words "Keep to the near side lane except when overtaking." This wording is quite clear and explicit, and should be readily understood by everyone. The R.A.C. therefore issues this reminder to drivers who may not have realised the true object of three lane roads.

I am sorry if I am so affected and infected by the prevailing depression that my thoughts this week keep reverting to the international situation, but I think that an observation by Dr. Whitehurst, the Brooklands M.O., at the Track last Saturday might interest you. We were talking about the importance of Brooklands and its environs in the case of war. Personally, I live about five miles away from Brooklands at Esher, and I said that I took a rather jaundiced view of living so near such a cluster of important aircraft concerns.

"Don't worry," replied the Doctor—himself no mean pilot—"Brooklands is far too good a target for those outside a one-mile radius to have any need to be alarmed."

"I can't imagine anything in the world more difficult to camouflage than the Brooklands track," he continued. "Why, on a clear day it can be picked out at 14,000 feet when you 're flying over the Solent."

Poor old Brooklands—it may get bumpier than ever!

Of course, Percy Bradley won't have it that Brooklands is bumpy; but then he hasn't seen a permanent scar I carry at the base of my spine from a blister raised by the jostling I got when driving one of Freddie Dixon's Rileys in the 1936 500-Miles Race. And there 's a pleasant memory for you.

A Big Mistake

Mr. Hess refers in his article to the mistake made by H. Berg in the Second Dunlop Jubilee Trophy Race at Brooklands. It was nearly fatal to "B. Bira," as this picture shows: the Siamese Prince had the back of his car cut completely off. He walks unscathed away, right

THE NEW FLYING STANDARD "TEN" SUPER SALOON £185

ENTIRELY NEW, WORLD-IMPORTANT

FLYING STANDARDS DEDICATED TO ECONOMY!

Five months ago a Chancellor spoke — decreeing still more burdens on an already heavily-taxed population. An era of *THRIFT* began! And the Standard Motor Company, ever alert to future trends in public demand, were already building a new series of cars *dedicated to ECONOMY!* THE 1939 FLYING STANDARD "BUDGET CARS"!

THE NEW FLYING STANDARD "EIGHT". *Petrol consumption 45-48 miles to the gallon!* . . . Tax only £6 per year! Independent front wheel suspension . . . abundant room for four people . . . enclosed luggage boot! . . . Saloon **£129.** Saloon de Luxe £139, Open Tourer £125 (ex works).

THE NEW "TEN" SUPER SALOON. Petrol consumption 38-40 miles per gallon! Enclosed luggage boot, independent front wheel suspension, over 63 m.p.h., flush-fitting sliding roof, 4-speed synchromesh gearbox. **£185** (ex works).

THE NEW "TWELVE" SALOON DE LUXE. Petrol consumption 30-32 miles per gallon. Independent front wheel suspension. Automatic chassis lubrication. **£225** (ex works).

Other 1939 Flying Standard models include the "Nine" from £149, the "Ten" from £169, the "Twelve" Saloon at £205, the "Twelve" Drop-head Coupé at £245, the "Fourteen" from £249 and the "Twenty" at £325 (ex works). Dunlop tyres. Triplex Glass.

VISIT THEM AT STAND 145, EARLS COURT

Write for new catalogue to: THE STANDARD MOTOR CO., LTD., CANLEY, COVENTRY.

West End Showrooms: "STANDARD CARS", 37 DAVIES STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1. Telephone: MAYFAIR 5011

Flying Standard

BRITISH CARS ARE BEST—IN THE LONG RUN

A Challenge from the Air

By Charles Ward

COULD there be a greater contrast between the possibilities of flying for peace or war as that presented to-day? Our Prime Minister travels to Germany, without escort, the safety of his passage depending on the skill of the pilot, the co-operation of foreign radio stations, and the reliability of the aircraft and its engines. The sinister background is provided by thousands of 'planes in every European country, standing by with bombs in the racks and drums of bullets in readiness for destruction. Peace is in sight, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Chamberlain, but it must be preserved by the knowledge that we are ready to resist all comers, should that necessity arise. There must be no slackening of precautions, nor slowing-up of recruiting for the R.A.F. and its auxiliary services until we are first in the air. No exact facts or figures on our present strength are permissible for publication at the present time, but we know that every new aircraft and pilot helps towards preserving peace and enabling us to back the efforts of the Government to that end.

THE call for men to serve in the air, and to form part of the vast ground organisation necessary for air defence, is urgent. The Air Ministry is the proper place for applications. Each day the papers give particulars in detail of the requirements. At any local aerodrome there is someone who can answer questions from those wishing to serve in the country's first line of defence. The shortage of training aircraft is not holding up instruction to such an extent as it was a few months ago, because every machine is being used more intensively. A different form of instructor's licence is ready, so that primary training can be given by experienced pilots who are not in the present category.

CAPTAIN BALFOUR gave interesting facts concerning the efficiency of the R.A.F. in the Near East and Africa after his official flying tour last month. Close co-operation with the Army on terms of equality, and the increasing use of large aircraft for carrying troops, nurses, stores, food and ammunition, were amongst the more important changes noted. The role of Imperial Airways and, to a lesser degree, of all air transport and other operating companies in times of emergency would be decided by the Government. Our mail routes to the East might be diverted from the Mediterranean to West Africa. Those to the Cape could follow the West Coast and those for India and the Far East would be flown across the Sahara, using Khartoum as the junction, instead of Alexandria or Cairo.

THE College of Aeronautical Engineering, the leading London centre for training civilians for the industry, re-opened yesterday for the winter term. Three hundred students assembled for a course which lasts three years, though there are shorter courses for special subjects. One of the students now going through is Michael Romanoff, a ward of the King. As a member of the Russian Imperial family his name was Prince Michael, but he has now been given British nationality. Lord Wakefield is the President of the College, which is now entering its eighth year. Pupils enter from the age of seventeen and take the first part of their training in Chelsea, followed by practical work in the shops and on the aerodrome at Brooklands. There are residential quarters at Wimbledon, with good facilities for sports and recreation. Most of the students receive offers in their final year, so great is the demand for qualified men in the aircraft industry to-day.

Max Stoker, instructor on Autogiros at Hanworth, is engaged to June Spencer Dyke, daughter of the violinist. The wedding is to take place on December 8th, which will be the bride's twenty-sixth birthday

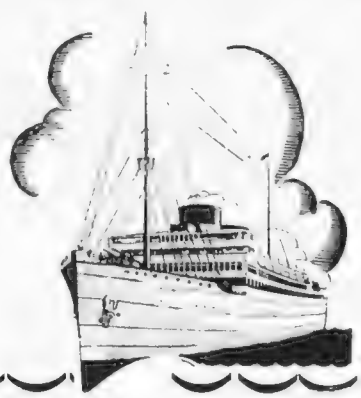
to THE SPANISH MAIN · SOUTH AMERICA
WEST AFRICA · CAPE TOWN · TRISTAN DA CUNHA · ST. HELENA

STRATHMORE · **JAN. 14** · 32 DAYS from 64 gns.

VICEROY of INDIA · **JAN. 20** · 46 DAYS from 92 gns

Apply : 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1. 130 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. Australia House, W.C.2, or Agents.

P&O - FOR SUN IN WINTER



£1:13:9 (CANADA £1 : 11 : 5) **SENDS**

THE

BYSTANDER

to a friend overseas

For a friend in a foreign country or in the Colonies, there is no greater joy than to receive THE BYSTANDER every week—full of news and exciting pictures of home. For the modest sum above, our Publisher will dispatch for you for twenty-six weeks — no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting.

A note to the Publisher 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, or a request to your regular Newsagent, and the deed is done for you.

HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

The Finest Car in the World

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE V

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY

HOOPER & Co. (COACHBUILDERS) LTD. 54, ST. JAMES'S ST., PICCADILLY, LONDON. S.W.1

Breaking Point

(Continued from page 23)

reflected from behind, were full of power, lazy, good-humoured, like a well-fed lion.

"Get on with the job," he said. "What are all those shoes out for? You can't wear twenty pairs in a week-end."

"No, Sir Daniel, I know, sir—but my lady hasn't decided yet——"

"Come on, Rosemary—one full dress, so-called because there 's next to nothing of it, for Saturday night, one half-dress, so called because it has twice as much stuff, for Sunday. Shoes according. All quite simple."

Rosemary's face puckered like a fretful child's.

"Yes, but which ones?" she wailed.

"That new white thing. It 's stunning on you."

"I shan't look well enough for it. I 've lost my——"

"Don't tell us," interposed Dane quickly. "Not before Mason. Whatever women lose, it 's always improper. Take the new blue, then."

"Horrible in *that* drawing-room."

"God, Lee; do *you* hate everything you 've got?"

"No; I'd like a lot more that I haven't got."

"That 's it—you 've got too many, Rosemary. Better give half of 'em to Lee."

"They wouldn't suit me."

"Of course not. Lee 's things are always perfect, and mine are just a rag-bag."

Rosemary's voice was shrill with anguish. She spent four times as much as Lee with a quarter the effect, and knew it; but generally did not care. Floating, picturesque, pre-Raphaelite dresses, soft long curls, old jewellery, they were her style, and she would be an idiot to go stream-line just because Lee did it so successfully. At this moment, however, she was suddenly and agonisedly certain that Lee's success in dress, in art, in life, whatever it might be, was the only one worth having, that she, Rosemary, might (*a*) have been a great musician if she had not married at all, and (*b*) might have married someone much more interesting, sympathetic and encouraging if she had not married Dane.

But Lee had always known what she wanted, clever Lee Dark, "the dark horse from the Wild West," they had called her at school, for there had been something untamed, unaccountable about her, you never knew what she might say or do, and when you saw her then on horseback, her long, straight hair that had never been cut or curled streaming behind her, you imagined her galloping over great plains stretching away to the sunset somewhere in the Adirondacks, or some such unnatural name. Perhaps there was Indian blood in her. "Lee 's a young savage," Dane had once said, laughing at her, and so Rosemary had thought at school, and thrilled to think it—but not now.

"Dane!" she cried sharply, "you 'll break that jug if you lean back any farther!"

Without moving his heavy shoulders, he put up one hand and picked up the jug from behind him, reading aloud the words in dark Sèvres blue on the white glaze—

"In Company, restrain Passion.
Hearken much and speak little."

"The Party Jug," said Rosemary. "We always called it that at home because it was so big."

"Cheery maxims for a party," chuckled Dane. He turned it round and read out on the other side: "'Shun Engagements, this is one of the Chief Maxims of Prudence.' Who was your bright young ancestress, Rosemary?"

"Oh, poor thing, she died of a decline nearly two hundred years ago, and had that jug made for her at Sèvres when she got ill, all because of a broken engagement—some scandal against her lover or some quarrel, no one knows why, now."

Rosemary had never told it so badly, but there was no point in telling it, for Dane and Lee must have heard it before; he was only making her talk, humouring her.

Here it came again, Dane's voice, now elaborately casual. "Well, I can't shun *my* engagement. Get packed by the time I 'm back, Mason."

"Yes, sir; but, my lady, *which*——"

"Oh, put in the old black, Mason, and have done with it!" cried Rosemary, on the sudden high note of one who is just breaking down under the third degree.

"Oh, my lady, you wore that last time you went there."

"Well, the men will be wearing the same dinner-jackets, and *they* don't have to fuss. I just can't go on with it, I oughtn't really to go away for week-ends at all, Dr. Crankjaw said so; all this deciding what to take, having to adjust oneself to fresh people all over and over again, it 's all too much. Do go without me, I 'm *not* up to it."

She sank back on the pillows with arms outspread, her fluttering sleeves now limp as fallen petals, her eyes closed and tears glistening on the lashes.

"I 'm afraid I 've tired her," said Lee, rising. "I 'd better be off."

"No, don't *you*," said Dane hastily. "You stay with her. I 've got to go. Here, Rosemary, I 've got something for you downstairs, left 'em with my hat. I 'll just bring 'em up and be off."

He was out of the room, whistling loudly to keep out the words in his brain that complained so furiously of women talking, women crying, women telling him with plaintive patience how ill they felt, or, worse, with bright, brave patience, how well they felt—what a damned nuisance they were—and yet one couldn't do without them (and now he was really thinking of women, and not only of Rosemary) it was absurd; but there it was: male and female made He them, and some, poor little devils, He 'd made a good deal more female than others.

He was back again, thrusting an enormous bunch of white and mauve and rose-coloured sweet-peas into Rosemary's arms, dropping and spilling them like butterflies all over the bed, then out again, downstairs again, and the two women, looking at each other across the flowers, heard the rejoicing bang of the front door.

Here they were, shut in again together, and what were they going to say and do next?

Rosemary said: "That jug there—oh, thank you, darling!"

Lee picked up the Party Jug. No one was talking. Someone ought to be talking.

"'Shun engagements,'" she read out.

"That 's sense!" Rosemary's voice seemed to be getting shriller and shriller. "Why does one ever make engagements? This cursed week-end—oh, I am so tired!"

"You are very unfortunate," trembled in tones of bitter irony on Lee's lips, but remained silent. "'Restrain Passion—speak little,'" she whispered, to herself instead, gripping the jug with both hands as if to enforce its commands on herself, gripping it with those strong nervous hands, not realising what she was doing, what was happening, until it cried out in protest, uttering a crack that sounded in both their ears like the crack of doom on their friendship.

The thin china that had lasted two hundred years had split asunder—and with it all that it held of the past—not only the immediate shared past of the two women, reaching back into their schoolgirl days of ten years ago, all that had once been between them of kindness and admiration, the shared dreams of Lee's ambitions and Rosemary's romantic fancies—but also the long past, vague and legendary, that stretched back over the heads of two centuries to the sad and sententious little creature who had ordered this jug to be made. The past and its repercussions were broken off sharp, falling to the floor, where they would be swept up by Mason, who was even now flying from the room in search of dust-pan and brush; they would be thrown away and forgotten.

Lee stood staring at them; that young savage. Her eyes burned, went shades darker; she said nothing.

Rosemary cried: "Lee! You did it on purpose. You hate me; you always have hated me, you are jealous and horrible——"

Her voice died in inarticulate sobs. Lee staring at her said: "Why should I be jealous of you?"

"God knows. Because of Dane, I suppose. He didn't marry you, he married me; and he 's never looked at another woman since."

Words went on hammering in Lee's heart, thumping against her brain, drowning the sleepy twitter of the sparrows outside, and the still sleepier cooing of the doves and the rustling of great trees and the splashing of the little fountain in the garden, deadening all those surface country sounds enclosed and most expensively preserved in a small space, leaving only in her ears the faint echo of the surge and thunder and crash of the sea of London beyond. ("It is you who are jealous of me, because you have everything poured out on you to make life easy, and you do nothing in return; you 've wasted everything, your music, Dane's love——")

But the words that came out and hung on the muffled, flower-perfumed air were these: "I have been Dane's mistress for two years."

Then they were silent, hearing Lee's words echo away and away into the future.

Nothing now would ever be the same again.

Would Rosemary divorce Dane, and Lee marry him? Or would Dane refuse ever to see Lee again? "At least," thought Lee, looking into that broken future, "I am free now; I 'll no longer carry deceit like a worm in my brain. At least," she thought, looking guiltily at Rosemary, "she does not seem to be broken by it."

Rather oddly, Rosemary was not looking at her. She was looking at her life, which had seemed so empty and meaningless ever since she had succeeded, all too easily, in winning Dane for herself, and then had taken him for granted ever after. Now at last she would have to make an effort, she was "up against" something, as in the old exquisite heartrending days when Dane had thrilled her to such rapture and longing to be mastered by him. Stunned, stabbed as she was, one thing had already divided her future from her past—life was suddenly becoming interesting again.

As Lee went out of the room without any further word between them, went down the stairs step by step, into that future that was now terrifying her, Rosemary swung out of bed. She must do something at once; what was it she must do?

"Mason," she called; and then: "Turn on the bath; I must be quick, or I 'll be late starting. Pack the new white."

"But your Ladyship said you didn't look well enough."

"I shall look well enough all right."

THE END

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

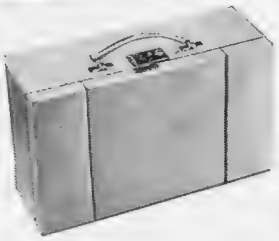
OCTOBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, October 5, 1938. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.



For Fastidious Femininity

BEAUTY CASE in Morocco leather or smart good-looking rawhide. Fitted with five bottles, four cream jars, two powder boxes and a lift-out tray: and there's plenty of room for oddments and cosmetics. Fittings in blue, green or silver "enameloid," edged chromium plated metal. Size 14¾ × 8¾ × 4¾ ins. .. .. £6. 6. 0.

DRESSING CASE in Morocco leather lined with moiré rayon. Fitted with leather jewel case, manicure requisites, enamel hair brush, clothes brush, comb and mirror. Enamel topped bottles and jars. Dark blue or green. .. £7. 17. 6.
Pale blue, beige or green on silver deposit. .. £9. 19. 0.

Harrods

Dressing Cases —Ground Floor

Harrods Ltd London SW1

A Graceful Teagown

BY DEBENHAMS

A wrapover Teagown in crease-resisting velvet: the bodice gathered into soft petals at the neck, the very full skirt flowing gracefully from the fitting back, attractive new sleeves. In black, iris, prune, ruby, and various fashionable colours. **10½ gns.**

TEAGOWNS—SECOND FLOOR

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Langham 4444 (Debenhams Ltd.)

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Tunbridge

Edith Elizabeth Allen

Is the elder daughter of Paymaster Rear-Admiral Sir Bertram and Lady Allen, of 67, Grove Hall Court, N.W.8; she is to marry Ernest Compson Crump, son of the late Ernest Compson Crump and Mrs. Crump, of 4, Stanhope Court, W.2

Bassano

Josephine Elizabeth Aveline

Is the youngest daughter of the late W. R. Aveline, O.B.E., and Mrs. Aveline, of West Hay, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex; her fiancé is Flt.-Lt. Richard Edgar Barnett, M.B.E., elder son of the late E. P. Barnett and Mrs. Barnett, of Beechway, Cheltenham

Catherine Bell

Kathleen Gibson

Is engaged to Arthur Parkinson, son of Frank Parkinson, of Middleton, Sunningdale, and Mrs. Parkinson, of Brompton Hall, Brompton, Yorks. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gibson, of Stanwell Place, Staines, Middlesex

Mahatta

Bettinié Cousé

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cousé, of Rawalpindi, India, and Banff House, Hampstead, and is to marry Oliver Aneurin Evans, South Wales Borderers, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Evans, of Whitehall, Denbigh

Pearl Freeman

June Spencer Dyke

Will be married early in December to Max J. B. Stoker, son of W. H. Stoker, K.C., of 10, King's Bench Walk, W.C.2, and the late Mrs. Stoker. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Dyke, of 22, Heber Road, N.2

Cannons of Hollywood

Joan Gower

Is Sir Patrick and Lady Gower's only daughter. She is engaged to Anthony Sykes, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald James Sykes, of Highfield, Hempstead Road, Watford. Miss Gower and her fiancé are both keen tennis players and golfers

Tunbridge

Audrey Iris Wheler

Is the elder daughter of Sir Trevor Wheler, Bt., and Lady Wheler, of White Gables, Amersham, Bucks.; she is engaged to John Humphrey Wightwick, the Suffolk Regt., only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. M. Wightwick, of Glebeside, Bexhill-on-Sea

Stuar Hamilton

Eileen Blois Brooke

Kitty Blois Brooke is to be married in India on the 22nd of this month to Capt. Douglas Garnett, R.A., only son of Capt. and Mrs. Garnett, of Selsale Hall, Saxmundham, Suffolk; she is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. E. Blois Brooke, of Woodbridge, Suffolk

Fayer of Vienna

Anne Larkin

Is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Edmund Larkin, of the Old Rectory, Lincoln. Her engagement has been announced to Hugh G. E. Dunsterville, R.A.O.C., of the Manor House, Halse, Taunton, only son of the late G. E. Dunsterville and Mrs. Dunsterville, of 21, Marlborough Buildings, Bath

Catherine Bell

Barbara Mary Nelson

Is engaged to Capt. Norman Hay, Royal Signals, son of Col. and Mrs. W. N. Hay, of Hayfield, Lerwick, Shetland. She is the only daughter of the late E. W. Nelson, and Mrs. S. G. Rainsford, of Kidbrooke Park Road, S.E.3

Tunbridge

Elizabeth Cole-Hamilton

Is engaged to Rodney Athelstan Price, R.N. (H.M.S. Hood), son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Athelstan Price, of Culverwood House, near Hertford. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Cole-Hamilton, of Fourways, Hoddesdon, Herts.

Fayer of Vienna

Wendy Cobbe

Is the elder daughter of the late Gen. Sir Alexander Cobbe, V.C., and Lady Cobbe, of Kingsgate, Wittersham, Kent. She is engaged to John A. R. Freeland, Queen's Royal Regiment, only son of Col. and Mrs. J. C. Freeland, of Playford, Suffolk

(Continued on page G)

London Nights

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret:

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The Ritz

THEY don't plan to have supper-time cabaret at the Ritz till the middle of this month. So you must watch announcements later than this. Meanwhile, dancing is still drawing devotees who are happy to be uninterrupted through the evening.

I was at the Ritz for luncheon the other day. The restaurant is a midday tonic in these difficult days. Not only its food, which never wavers from perfection, not necessarily its smartness (any woman doubting between black and another colour for a new ensemble might lunch at the Ritz one day and see the answer), but for a sort of quiet cheerfulness which pervades the whole atmosphere. Even groups of foreign attachés lunching and discussing weighty things seem to catch the tone and then add to it. Incidentally, I am always somewhat amazed by the moderation of the charges that Aletto and his courteous men put on the bills at the end.

After not so many months I would like to repeat what a great and fashionable London lady gave as her opinion—viz., that the Ritz is the only place she knows for lunch on Saturday where tables are never empty, fellow guests never dull, and service never lackadaisical. Big praise, and deserved.

The woman who did'nt wear black for lunch at the Ritz

The Dorchester

TWICE nightly, and no extra charge for seeing both shows! No boredom either, because they 're different. The ten o'clock is a few minutes the shorter, but Naunton Wayne gives his long, idiotic account of a golf match with Jack Jackson, which is not to be missed. The Chester Hale Girls, beautifully Beaucaire, do a Gavotte in Swing. Vera Haal, who was "Miss America 1937," sings as well. Nick Long dances, Bobby May juggles, and the Chester Hale Girls do a feathery Black Limelight number.

Wayne is still my favourite, but a word about Bobby May. Jugglers are always, with me, "the best I 've ever seen." Bobby May is different in that he really is the best. He 's not the only one I 've heard use the gag "the next trick is impossible," but you should see him do his cigarette-lighting finale. He catches a cigarette in his mouth, thrown from behind his back. He then lights a match, throws it similarly, catches it ditto, lights cigarette with match *in mouth*, bows, exit. At midnight the Girls are kallipygically Gallic in "Kiki," mulattesque later in a South Sea Fantasy, jitterbugs all at the end. Very good to watch. Also Vera Haal, Messrs. May and Long again, Wayne and Danny Kaye, a mad Russo with a sucking-dove roar. A splendid show, a credit even to Henry Sherek, whose standard is high. Jack Jackson plays for dancing, with Mozartian trumpet-breaks and all his special suavity. Very smart, the Dorchester.

Headliners at the Dorchester

Grosvenor House

OF the supper-time frolics at Grosvenor House I can only give you pre-release information. The new floor-show, *Now for Fun*, will be well in its stride when you read this, but has not started as I write. But I remember well enough the previous excellences of the two head-liners of the cast. Al Trahan, as funny a comedian as ever brought a Royal Command house down. Flora Duane, whose Bat Dance nightly on this same floor three years back was the talk of the pop-eyed West End. This time she 's burlesquing her own most famous dances, which is all in keeping with the title of the show

NIGHTLY AT 10 and 12

(Two entirely different Shows)

"The Dorchester"

presents THE NEW REVUE

"Autumn Laughter"

NAUNTON WAYNE

Vera Haal

NICK LONG, JR.

BOBBY MAY

VERA HAAL

DANNY KAYE

and the

DOR-CHESTER HALE GIRLS

JACK JACKSON and his BAND

"A Sherek Show"

KEMPINSKI'S

The most cosmopolitan restaurant in Mayfair, where a seventy-five years' tradition in the classic art of cooking is maintained by the famed Messrs. Hans and G. Kempinski. In the evening Jean Melville, the well-known broadcasting star, and Bruce Seton will entertain you in the restaurant. Castelli and his piano and Marjorie Dale, the Singing Cigarette Girl, will enchant and amuse you with their diversions in the tavern.

99/101, REGENT STREET (SWALLOW STREET). REGent 1686/7.

Do you know 'La Coquille'

by Pagès, late Manager of Prunier's, London.

79, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. Tel.: TEMple Bar 8768.

CUSENIER's

LIQUEURS (36 kinds)

Offer guests the three below:

FREEZOMINT

The leading brand of CRÈME de MENTHE

APRICOT BRANDY

CRÈME de CACAO

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT

CLARGES STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1.

First-class French cooking in Luxurious surroundings.

FLEMING'S HOTEL

HALF MOON STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1.

A luxuriously comfortable and peaceful hotel in the heart of the West End. Renowned for superlative cuisine and service. Double and single rooms. Large and small suites.

Phone: GROsvenor 2964. Grams: Fleminotel, Audley, London.

World famous

HATCHETT'S

RESTAURANT · PICCADILLY

Good Food and Finest Wines
Quiet Atmosphere

MATINEE LUNCHEON 4/6
SPECIAL DINNER 6/6
AND A LA CARTE

NEW COCKTAIL BAR
ENTRANCE IN
DOVER STREET

TELEPHONE REGENT 0217

LA FRANCE
GOURMANDE

"The only spot in London where can be obtained the finest friandises of France and the delicious chocolat Weiss from St. Etienne."

110 JERMYN STREET : S.W.1 : TEL. WHITEHALL 9279.

Nature's Aid to Health

MATTONI
(Giesshübler)
Natural
Mineral Water

Bottled at the springs near Carlsbad.
From all hotels, restaurants and wine merchants, or from the importers,
Timothy Temple Ltd., 15 King St., St. James', S.W.1

SPORTING BRONZES

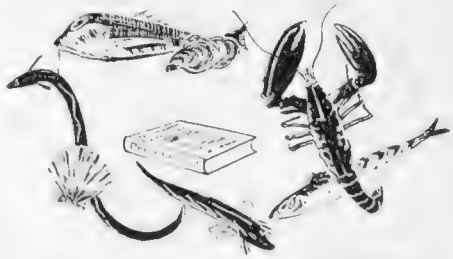
Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend. Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.1

Paul Oscard, the producer, has made a slight differentiation in choosing "les girls." In place of the usual lovelies who can be taught to dance, these are dancers who happen to be extremely lovely, and they come from all quarters of the U.S.A. Their dances will be mainly comic, with music by the more than ever topical Irving Berlin.

So much sight unseen. But you know Grosvenor House. They never let you down—in food, in show, in showmanship, or in company.

Prunier's



The ring and the book at Prunier's

Do you remember Evoe's "Rhyme of the Stout Men in October?—

October is the month for us,
The absolutely gluttonous,
Whose waist is getting wuss and wuss . . .

I wish I had room to quote more of it. It comes to my mind strong as ever when Prunier's is mentioned. The oysters, the best of a very good season, with Belons and Marennes plumper and cheaper than ever; have (4/- only with a glass of chablis) an assiette des fruits de la mer, comprising a sea urchin, a clam, a cockle, two small Belons, two small Marennes, two Portugaises, lemon, bread and butter. The whitebait, moules, raie au beurre noir, pilaffs, frogs, snails, all October specials. Game, of course; perdrix aux choux, canard sauvage à l'orange, saddle of, and jugged, hare, young Norfolk pheasant, roast to perfection. And a connoisseur's delight of a wine-list for their accompaniment. Especially watch the "To-day's Suggestion" slips in the menus.

Yes, those wines; do you know Madame's Sancerre Rose? Her still champagnes? Her clarets from '90 to '26, burgundies from '19 to '33, champagnes from '04 up? Do you know that you can get all these wines at reduced prices for your own home from her? That you can get most of her foods in the same way on the "On Prendra" service? Do you, finally, have a copy yet of her book, Mme. Prunier's *Fish Cookery Book*, as thrilling a gustatory volume as you 'll ever find? Ask for it.

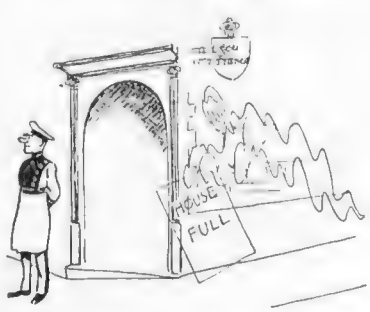
Tony's Grill

Tony of Tony's

I DON'T think the lay-out of Tony's Grill-room can be bettered anywhere in London. The structure is largely à la San Marco, of course, but it 's lighter now, brighter, softer, and more flattering. Nothing glittering, nothing harsh. When the place is full, you don't feel crowded. When it 's not, you don't feel stranded. It 's difficult to avoid superlatives all along the line. I shall signify my pleasure in the usual way, which is to go as often as possible myself, and crow about it to my friends. There are many doing just that already.

Food? My tip is not to be lured immediately into ordering the sumptuous roast that will be wheeled for your inspection. His game is selected, cooked, and served with mastery. His trout, alive till ordered, melts in the mouth. Sweets? Try crêpes or his special zabaglione. And then ask for his own secret liqueur, Désire des Femmes. No, the purpose of this article is to get you to go to Tony's, not to choose your meal. Go for lunch or dinner, and you 'll see London's smartest doing the same. It 's becoming a great rendezvous for the great. If you 're interested in the why and wherefore, ask Tony to show you his kitchens (chef Spelta), his vast wines. He 's justly proud.

L'Ecu de France



Spiritual house-full boards at the Ecu de France

THERE it is, a phenomenon of supreme popularity from the day of its opening. Mr. Lehrian and his staff are as kind and prompt to me and you as to any great film star, ambassador or millionaire who comes. And it *is* a concourse of fame. Laughton comes day after day for lunch. I am asked not to tell you the name of the great American headliner who failed to get a table lately, because he failed, and nobody was more contrite than Mr. Lehrian. Embassies particularly come in droves of attachés, and

find their own special dishes for the asking. Mr. Sender, who owns this and the parallel Écu in Paris, is, even he, quietly content to know that the "House Full" boards are spiritually out after 1.30 and 8 o'clock.

And what food it is, and what service, and what wines! The menu is jam-packed with the fruits of the earth. I had pike there last time, a fish that I like catching but have always thought ditchwater-dull to eat. Not at l'Ecu!

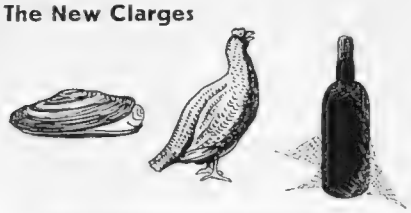
And don't forget the little candy shop next door, La France Gourmande, where you can buy the loveliest chocolates, sweets and pastries in London.

L'Auberge de France (Winston Hotel)

M. Dertu, chef extraordinary of great Parisians, of the London Jardin des Gourmets, and the Gargoyle, is now in charge of the restaurant that you knew of as the Austria. They 've made big alterations, and, Europe willing, they will all be there for you to see now. The Grill will be the main Auberge de France, and M. Dertu asks you to come in a spirit of not perhaps wanting to spend more than, say, 5/- for your plat du jour, your sweet, your cheese and your coffee. I know M. Dertu's cooking and his plats du jour, and can assure you that that 's mighty good. It will be the inn atmosphere, too, if he can manage it. He can.

And every evening Albert Sandler will be playing for you in the restaurant, and you cannot ask him for a melody of all Europe that he has not got by heart. Here 's to Dertu, Sandler, and the new Auberge de France!

The New Clarges



Fat oysters, young grouse and mellow Fine at the New Clarges

I have not written of the New Clarges since the superb new decorations and furnishings have been in place. Paul Guieu is the master craftsman, but most of the ideas have sprung from the quiet mind of Binaco, most charming and thoughtful of hosts.

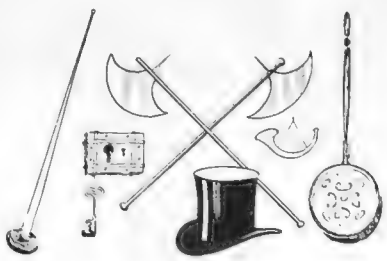
Cloakrooms are now of a luxury and convenience equalled by few Grand Babylons and no "familiar" hotel-restaurant in the same metaphorical street as the New Clarges. La Réserve, the room on the right through the Clarges Street swing-doors, is a cocktail, oyster and light snack haven, while the serious gastronomic business is done across the way, surrounded by a symphony of reds, curtains, upholstery and faces of bons viveurs.

Binaco and his merry men make your meals a quiet contentment or an exciting adventure into new pastures, lush and memorable. The oysters are of the fattest, the grouse of the youngest, the *fine* of the mellowest. Nice people; country folk, hunting folk, elder Foreign Officials and that enviable quorum who come to cinemas in dinner jackets and have their seats reserved.

Hatchett's

When you next come down the stairs from Piccadilly into that lovely blue, gold and peach room, look in for a minute at that little door opposite you at the bottom. It will show you, on its walls, some outward and visible signs of the eld and honour of the restaurant. That Hatchett's comes into Pickwick I have told you again and again, and you probably know, anyway. In this little museum you will see old "Agony" columns of *Morning Post* and *Times*, where Hatchett's advertised its venison and wines to the gentry. A bed-warmer, the old lock of the cellars of 1818, an oil candle, and two remarkably precious and nostalgic coaching horns, Etc.

While in the restaurant you will find Boscasso as knowing as ever. They offer great value and great meals. Their theatre dinner is as good as any I know, and its price, 6/6, you will think very fair when you 've eaten of its many courses. English food predominates, and there is the daily special of braised ham and spinach. A good brandy of the house. Good everything, but particularly remember that theatre dinner.



Hatchett's museum pieces

La Coquille

La Coquille has opened on the premises of the old Dieudonné in St. Martin's Lane. Downstairs they have kept those super-comfortable chairs, leather-padded and substantial, much appreciated by keen coquillageurs.

M. Pagès, whose first venture into ownership this is, comes, loaded with honours and experience, from Prunier's, Paris and London, and the Ritz and Larue in Paris before that. His chef, Poubeau, has been at the Café de la Paix in Paris, the Savoy, and Maison Basque here. Two good men with fine backgrounds, and

le bon Vivеur
SHEPHERD MARKET MAYFAIR
Telephone: Gros: 1150
DIRECTION V. DAVICO

THE NEW QUEENS
LEICESTER SQUARE (Next the "Empire")
Brasserie, Bierkeller, Tyrolean Laendler Band. Open every night till 12.30. Fully Licensed. London's latest rendezvous. LUNCHEON 3/6.

L'AUBERGE de FRANCE
Delightful Restaurant. Perfect Cuisine and Service. Charming Cocktail Bar.
PICCADILLY CIRCUS
PHONE: WHI. 7361

all over the world where good taste and pleasure meet
Dry Monopole
CHAMPAGNE
1929 VINTAGE AND NON-VINTAGE
THE ORIGINAL Heidsieck ESTABLISHED 1785

Tony's

Late "SAN MARCO"

ENTIRELY REDECORATED
MAYFAIR'S SMARTEST GRILL-ROOM
CUISINE, WINES, SERVICE, PERFECT,
NO DANCING

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE
MAYFAIR PLACE, W.1

MAYFAIR 8711

HOUR IDEA! — 5.30 to 6.30

Eat before you dress!

Prunier's Degustation Hour postpones the pangs of hunger until supper-time—Oysters, Assiette de Fruits de Mer or Saintongeaise or Plateau Prunier or Plateau Degustation with a glass of wine, are served daily at an inclusive charge of 3/6.

PRUNIER RESTAURANT

72, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.1

Telephone: REGENT 1373/4/5

SATISFACTION!

"A Perfect Finish to a Good Dinner" MARTELL CORDON BLEU. A very fine Liqueur Brandy—guaranteed over 35 years in cask and then there's *Extra*—very expensive but Martell's finest Liqueur Brandy—70 years in cask.

Obtainable at all leading Hotels and Restaurants

their staff are already a friendly team. Which is as M. Pagès would have it.

Lunches, dinners, suppers till midnight and after. Not Sundays. Specialities: oysters, shell-fish, fish, and light wines, and a very strong support in game and viande generally, and wines not designated "light." The prices are well worth remembering. Except champagne, no wine goes higher than 10/6, as far as I can see, and the dishes for which you pay 3/6 at points West are different only in price, perhaps 2/-. N.B.: lobsters.

Highly recommended. Also their "prepared-dishes-to-take-away" service.

Pagès of La Coquille

Kempinski's

BIG news for the big late-dinner and supper crowds in Kempinski's Restaurant. They're now going to have a cabaret, London's first home-made cabaret, and Mr. Gerhardt K. is going to present Jean Melville and Bruce Seton to sing to you the songs of the British Isles. Essentially British, and the songs have been dug up from many hide-outs, as well as those others that we know so well from the Students' Song Book. La Melville has over 5000 broadcasts to her credit, Seton is a Scot, of stage and screen, and great interpreter of great songs. They'll have started their carolling by the time this is in print, and now you know where to go.

Meanwhile in the Tavern below Marjorie Dale and Castelli continue their partnership, but in new surroundings, since Lowen (nearest example of his work is the front cover of this paper) has done them eight brilliant new murals, on the seventeenth-century puppet theme. Withal the food remains its excellent self, and the wines and beer specials in their ways.

Another welcome addition to the restaurant is Gennovesi, who is in charge. Ask him about the days when he trained wild horses for a Cossack prince. Sans blague!

Kempinski's national cabaret

The Bon Viveur

HERE, flanked by the Curzon Cinema and Shepherd Market, is a little eating club. The Bon Viveur has gone from strength to strength under the master hand of Davico.

The fact that he seldom has any new news for my column means that his club remains blessedly much the same. Quiet, smart, à la Côte d'Azur in decorations and delicacy of cuisine, not expensive, and only in the nicest sense of the word exclusive.

There can be few readers of this who have not a friend who is a member. I suggest they get taken along as soon as they can cadge an invitation. If you become a member, you will be glad, or apprehensive, to know that your wife may use it to entertain her lunch-time girl friends, and charge it to you. The little room is pleasantly full for lunch and dinner, and there is apt to be dancing on a minute floor of an evening.

Those restful decorations and that quiet music! I see our artist has taken the receipt of custom kiosk as a subject this time. All part of the "different" atmosphere of a place which in itself is subject to little change.

Outdoors indoors at the Bon Viveur

The New Queen's

UNDERNEATH the arches of a sort of fumed-oak effect, and to the music of middle-European sackbut and psaltery, you can come and stretch your legs at the New Queen's after your late cinema, eat one of their delicious savouries, drink their excellent beer and read the latest depressing or heartening news in the late-specials.

A most attractive haven, this downstairs bierkeller in Leicester Square, with most attractive fellow guests, for lunch, dinner, and supper. Again I must repeat about the careful bounty of its lunches, which women have found just right for before-the-matinée or to recuperate after a morning's fierce shopping. Men go for the luncheon Irish stew and such honest fare to talk business over. The prices are good, too.

The whole thing's a good venture, and has met in these last months, and years, the success it has deserved.

EDAX.

Getting Married *(Continued from page B)*

Mackenzie — Dawes

John W. E. Mackenzie, Seaforth Highlanders, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John Mackenzie, of Squires Hall, Fleet, Hants., and Valerie Margaret Dawes, daughter of Mrs. R. G. B. Spicer, of Woodend, Yarmouth, I.O.W., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Spencer — Howell

Lieut.-Com. John Spencer, R.N., and Barbara Mary Howell, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. A. A. Howell, of Finch's Hill, Bealings, Suffolk, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the son of Major Robert Spencer, formerly of 18, Albion Gate, W., and the late Mrs. Spencer

Guyon — Howell

Capt. John Mervyn Guyon, R.E., and Rosemary Laetitia Barbara Howell, daughter of Sir Evelyn and Lady Howell, of Fouracre, Staplehurst, Kent, were married at Brompton Oratory. He is the son of the late Col. G. I. Guyon, and Mrs. Guyon, of Clare Hall, Ston Easton, Bath

Briggs — Perkin

The wedding at West Wickham took place recently between John Norton Briggs and Margaret Mary (Peggy) Perkin. He is the son of the late Everett Norton Briggs and Mrs. Briggs, of The Spinney, Oakfields Rd., Southgate; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Perkin, of 83, Shortlands Rd., Shortlands

Hereford — Seymour Allen

Robert Hereford, King's Shropshire L.I., son of J. T. Hereford, of Sufton, Herefordshire, and Diana Seymour Allen, daughter of the late Col. N. Seymour Allen, and Mrs. Seymour Allen, of Barton Grange, Taunton, Somerset, were married at Taunton

Southwell — Franklyn

Capt. Thomas Edward Southwell, R.A.S.C. (attached Sudan Defence Corps), and Violet Franklyn, daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. H. E. Franklyn, of Kaid's House, Khartoum, were married at Chelsea Old Church. General Franklyn commands the Sudan Defence Force

Hervey — Holden

Vernon Hervey and Patricia Anne Holden, daughter of Capt. G. S. Holden, R.N., and Mrs. Holden, of 3, Paultons Square, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the only son of the late J. P. Hervey, of Knutsford, Cheshire, and Mrs. Hervey, of Crabtrees, Berkhamsted, Herts.

Napier — Coates

Colin William Seton Napier, of 13, Lynedoch Place, Edinburgh, and Barbara Mary Coates, daughter of Sir Leonard and Lady Coates, of St. Mary's, Weetwood, Leeds, were married at Headingley, Leeds

Woodhouse — Crossman

Charles Powys Woodhouse, son of the late Rev. J. S. Woodhouse, and Mrs. Woodhouse, of Bucknell, Salop, and Mary Crossman, daughter of Mr. Justice Crossman and Lady Crossman, of Buckhurst Hill House, Essex, were married at St. John's, Buckhurst Hill

SLOANE 1234

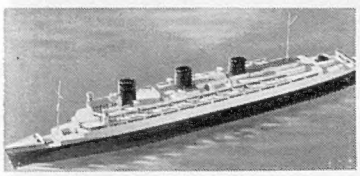
Harrods salons

KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

For Miss Junior . . . the intriguing swish of exquisite slipper satin . . . the charm of an almost off-shoulder décolletage. Copied from Patou's 'Castiglione' . . . in any colour to order. From the Junior Miss Salon for 9½ Gns.

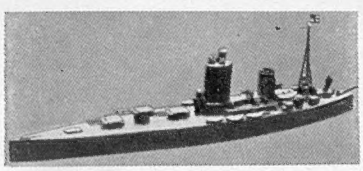
Harrods Ltd London SW1

WORKING MODELS OF FAMOUS SHIPS



THE "QUEEN MARY"

Interest in our Fleet and our mighty ocean Liners was never greater than it is to-day. From the designs of G. H. Davis (Special artist of "The Illustrated London News") have been produced accurate scale working models of R.M.S. *Queen Mary* and H.M.S. *Nelson*. The models are electrically propelled.
Details of R.M.S. *Queen Mary* are:—
Overall length 34 ins. Price, including packing, £3.3.0. Carriage inland 1/6 each. Abroad 5/9 each. South Africa 8/3 each.



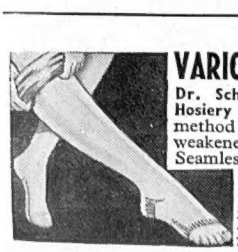
H.M.S. "NELSON"

This wonderful model is nowavailable. A powerful electric motor is fitted, and when you are unable to use your ship on the water, you can manœuvre it by hand, using mobile trolleys which can be supplied at an extra cost of 2/-. The model floats perfectly and is a built-to-scale model of one of Great Britain's most mighty battleships.
Details are:—
Overall length 26 ins. Price £1.15.0. Carriage Inland 1/6 each. Abroad 4/- each; South Africa 5/9 each.

Included with each ship is a set of International Code Signal Flags by which inter-communication between ships is possible.

Orders with remittance should be sent to Dept. B.21.

LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD.
23/24 FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4



VARICOSE VEINS

Dr. Scholl's Corrective Hosiery is the ideal method of supporting weakened walls of veins. Seamless, fully-fashioned, invisible. All Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. Price from 15/- pair.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Temple Bar 3161). Mon. Oct. 3rd. 6.25 & 9. Mats. Sats. 2.30. BEBE DANIELS & BEN LYON; SIX VIENNESE SINGING SISTERS; EDDIE PEABODY; Giovanni; Elly Ardelty; Randolph Sutton; Iris Sadler; Winnie Collins & Charles Brooks; Lucienne & Ashour; Sam Linfield & Co., etc.

ENGLISH HOTELS

THE VICTORIAN VIRTUES

No one would wish to scrap every 20th Century improvement and go back to the days of hip-baths and horsehair sofas. On the other hand, certain of the Victorian virtues were admirable, notably dignity and courtesy. It is these virtues we have endeavoured to preserve. Add such attractions as 120 ft. sun lounge, famous chef, 100 centrally-heated rooms with hot and cold water, lift, golf and tennis nearby, and terms from 4½ Gns. weekly and you will understand the unique appeal of the Royal Victoria Hotel. Write for tariff to-day.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA Facing Sea *'Phone: Hastings 869*

STAY ON THE SUNNY SOUTH COAST

At the new and wonderful Ocean Hotel.
Accommodation for 600 guests.

Inclusive terms from 3½ Gns. weekly for resident guests.
A Week End for £1. 5. 0.

Overlooking Sea. Licensed. Excellent cuisine. Every bedroom with most comfortable box spring beds, central or electric heating, h & c water. Ballroom Dancing. Geraldo's Ocean Hotel Orchestra conducted by Cuomo. Sports Manager. Morning excercises on Downs. Excercise Room. Ample sun-bathing facilities for every guest. Children's Nursery. 18 hole practice Golf Course free to guests. Near two Golf Courses. Tennis. Horse Riding. Garage accommodation for 250 cars. Take "Streamline" taxi or 12b Southdown Bus from Brighton Station direct to Hotel.

Write to Manager for illustrated brochure.

OCEAN HOTEL
Saltdean, Brighton.
'Phone: Rottingdean 9272 (5 lines).

SCOTTISH HOTEL

NORTH BERWICK
MARINE HOTEL
ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL HOTELS IN EUROPE
Situated on the Firth of Forth, overlooking sea and Golf Course. An ideal climate —dry and free from fog. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Garage in grounds.
ATTRACTIVE AUTUMN AND WINTER TERMS. Manager: W. A. THIEM.
Telephone: 366

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE

French Riviera-Navirotel-Le Trayas (Var) Nr. Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illus. booklet with terms.

Monte Carlo.-Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax fr. £3.10. With priv. bath £5.

GERMANY

Leipzig.-Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect Hotel building. Select home of International Society and Aristocracy.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof). — First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms. fr. R.M 3.50 onwards.

GERMANY—*Continued*

Wiesbaden.-Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pen. from Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.-Htl.-Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

ITALY

Rome.-Hotel Victoria.—First-class. Central and quiet. Opposite Borghese Gardens. English-speaking staff.

SWITZERLAND

Burgenstock.—(Lake of Lucerne).—**Le Grand Hotel.**—Holiday resort — Golf — Tennis— Bathing Beach.

Geneva.-The Beau-Rivage.—With its open-air Restaurant. Terrace on the Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All comfort. Rooms from Frs. 7.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—Ideal residence for autumn and winter. Quiet but convenient. Inclusive from 12/-

Lucerne. — Hotel Beau-Rivage. — Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 14.

SMEE'S
Est. 1907. Phone: Mayfair 1543
COSTUME or COAT
£6.6.0

All the newest materials; latest designs for Autumn.

Remember individual attention. Personally cut by Mr. Smee.

If not able to call send for our S.M. Form with patterns and be satisfied as clients have been from all parts of the world.

Ride Astride Costume
£9.9.0

Only address:
55, South Molton Street, W.1
1st Floor

ASTHMA

[New Low Price of 4/-]

Made Possible by Increased Demand.

Sufferers from Asthma paroxysms the world over find the HIMROD famous formula is the one that gives them blessed relief. Relaxes bronchial tubes; relieves difficult breathing and that dreadful gasping. Used for 65 years. Ask for HIMROD'S at your chemist.

HIMROD'S CURE

Cuff Link Comfort

Made in England. STRATTON & Co., BIRMINGHAM.

Patrons: Their Majesties The King & Queen.

32ND INTERNATIONAL

MOTOR EXHIBITION

Private Cars and Carriage Work; Car Radio; Boats and Marine Engines; Caravans and Trailers; Service and Garage Equipment; Components, Accessories and Tyres; Working Exhibits.

OCT 13-22

DAILY 10 till 10
ADMISSION - - - 2/6
except Thursdays and Tuesday before 5 p.m. - 5/-
LADIES' DAY, THURS. OCT. 13. The customary charge for admission on the opening day conveys the privilege of free admission for a lady accompanied by a gentleman.

Official Catalogue 1/6 post free.
EXTENSIVE CAR PARK, controlled by the R.A.C., adjoins the Exhibition.

EARLS COURT

LONDON, S.W.5

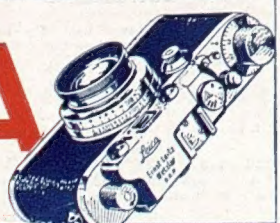
C.D.C.

UP TO 36 SHOTS WITH ONE LOADING

These are some of the reasons why sportsmen chose the Leica. It is the smallest universal camera in existence. It can be loaded for any number of exposures up to 36. It is instantly ready for use and its speed in action is amazing. Interchangeable lenses can cope with the swiftest grouse or a distant deer. And yet the Leica camera was not designed especially for sportsmen, it can be used with equal success for night snaps in a theatre or for colour pictures of your children. Ask your photo dealer for a demonstration

A booklet "The camera of modern times" will describe many more advantages of the Leica. May we send you a copy post free?

LEICA



E. LEITZ (LONDON) LTD., 20, MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1

For FACE *and* HANDS *—and a soft smooth skin*

The daily application of Larola makes such a difference to your skin. Autumn winds have no ill-effect on your complexion when protected by this delightful preparation. It prevents roughness and coarseness, leaving your face and hands exquisitely soft, white and smooth. Use Larola regularly throughout the year with the same confidence as it has been used by many generations of women. Larola is absolutely free of all pore-clogging ingredients.

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle.

Larola

From Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

Write for a free copy of the Larola Booklet: "The Cult of Beauty"—post free.

Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 Tablets, 2/-; Single Tablets, 8d.